

THE LIVING AGE.

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SONG.

Yes, oh, yes; if any seek
 Laughter flown or lost delight,
 Glancing eye or rosy cheek,
 Love shall claim his own to-night!
 Say, hath any lost a friend?
 Yes; oh, yes!
 Let his distress
 In my ditty find its end.

Yes; oh, yes; here all is found!
 Kingly palaces await
 Each its rightful owner, crowned
 King and consecrate,
 Under the wet and wintry ground!
 Yes; oh, yes!
 There sure redress
 Lies where all is lost and found.

Alfred Noyes.

Blackwood's Magazine.

DOUBLES.

When I am passing through the street,
 With all the folk I chance to meet
 I see a strange companion go,
 Whose character I crave to know.

He is not seen of casual eyes
 Nor parleyed with in common wise;
 I cannot touch with easy reach,
 Nor draw him lightly into speech.

He does not heed in any way
 The careless chatter of the day;
 He stands reserved, evasive, dim,
 When most I covet words with him.

And yet, though like a phantom thing
 Elusive and bewildering,
 I have a guess that this must be
 The spirit's bare identity.

I have a guess that this Unknown
 Is the reality alone,
 And each material personage
 Is but a mime to hold the stage.

The form of flesh and blood that
 stands,
 When I advance with outstretched
 hands,
 Persistently will block my way,
 And answer things I do not say;

And never will converse with me
 In forthright full sincerity,
 But talks of trivial matters slight
 That baffle faith and darken sight.

I know this stranger standing back
 Must hold the secrets that I lack,
 And living knowledge that I fain,
 Spirit to spirit, would attain.

Be thrust aside, I long to cry,
 Aggressive mask that art a lie!
 Stand off and in attendance wait
 While spirits shall communicate.

Let not our lives ignobly be
 Perpetual mock and mummery.
 Let truth speak sometimes: stand
 away—

This soul and I have words to say.

Arthur L. Salmon.

The Speaker.

WOODE-MAYDEN.

She lived long, long ago, and she died
 then, people say.

'Tis her wraith lurks round the tree-
 trunks in the evening's murk and
 gray;

Her locks are linden-white, her gown's
 green as green can be,
 And with the first new moon she comes
 out to dance with me.

Her life was like a flower's; as a flower's
 life dies, she died.

Wise men put her into volumes, with
 quaint pictures by her side:

"Woode-mayden cladde in greene, very
 yonge and sweet to see";
 And with the first new moon she comes
 out to dance with me.

Her grave's upon the hill. "Tain't no
 grave," say village folk;

"Just some oddment piece of slabstone
 where old belfry fell and broke."

She lies there: still and straight, "very
 yonge and sweete to see";
 And with the first new moon she comes
 out to dance with me.

Agnes Grozier Herbertson.

Chambers's Journal.

THE VOCATION OF THE JOURNALIST.

Historically regarded, the principal reason of the failure of journalism to make good its claim to rank as a profession appears to be that the mercantile element in it has always been evident, and sometimes predominant. It was not to the manner in which they discharged their functions the periodical writers of a former generation owed the prejudice they had to encounter, but to their engaging in such work at all. To cultivate literature in any form as a gainful employment was a breach of social propriety; and to write for a periodical was a gross aggravation of the offence. Why this should have been so is not at once obvious; but the idea appears to have been that, in writing for the press, a man became the bond slave of every trivial occasion; he wrote for pence at the crack of the master's whip. This prejudice, as it was sometimes expressed, was unreasonable; yet, unreasonable though it was, let us admit it was only a perversion of the fundamentally sound principle that the press which is wholly a commercial undertaking cannot exercise a really wholesome influence over public opinion and public taste. Journalism has conquered prejudice and obtained social recognition wherever it has been possible to reconcile commercial interest with the just pride a competent editor takes in the excellence and consistent character of his journal. So Mr. Anthony Trollope suggests; and all experience bears out the truth of the suggestion. Conversely, it is just the predominance of the mercantile element and its divorce from editorial control that constitute to-day the greatest menace, not to the commercial success of journalism perhaps—although we doubt

the permanence of a catch-copper popularity—but to its professional standing.

We scarcely realize how great an obstacle this was in the past; we have now little idea of the extent to which prejudice against literature itself as a gainful calling once prevailed. With what shame-faced explanations, and not without some lack of gratitude, does Lockhart acknowledge that he has consorted with publishers and meddled with periodical publications! Yet his fastidiousness was not singular. Any man in his position might, in reviewing his life, have said, "I lost an honorable profession, and had, after a few years of withering hopes, to make up my mind for embracing the precarious, and, in my opinion, intolerably grievous fate of the dependant on literature": even though, like him, he might have half suspected that the Edinburgh Parliament House could never have proved the gateway to Eden. It was not because of his politics that Lockhart was dubious about his connection with periodical literature. The memoirs of the time make it plain that a Whig advocate would have had the same feeling. From the reminiscences of that interesting Whig lady, Mrs. Fletcher, we catch an echo of the animated buzz of the Whig coterie over their *Review*, and the alert air of literary curiosity with which they discussed the authorship of masterpieces long since forgotten. "The man that wrote that might do or be anything," said Fletcher (a good man, but destitute of humor) on one occasion of some brilliant disquisition on chemistry, a subject of which he was almost certainly quite ignorant. "May he be Lord Chancellor?" asked Brougham, betraying himself by the

modesty of his question. "Yes," asserted Fletcher, with oracular emphasis, "Lord Chancellor, or anything he desires." Brougham, as it happened, did become Lord Chancellor for a spell, but not, we may rest assured, because he once wrote an article on chemistry; and, notwithstanding Fletcher's confident prophecy, no one at that time imagined that the path to professional advancement lay through the printing office. Jeffrey himself was not so loth to meddle with journalism as Sir Walter and Lockhart were; but he too had qualms, he too was greatly afraid of thereby injuring his professional prospects. "The objection," he writes, "may be rested on the notion that the editor of a periodical work, whatever its political character might be, and even if it were purely literary and without any politics, had derogated from the personal dignity required in a Judge, and ought not to presume so high. From the very first I have been anxious to keep clear from any tradesmanlike concern in the *Review*, and to confine myself pretty strictly to intercourse with gentlemen only, even as contributors. It would vex me, I must own, to find that, in spite of this, I have lowered my own character, and perhaps even that of my profession, by my connection with a publication which I certainly engaged with on very high grounds, and have managed, I think, without dirtying my hands in any paltry matters."

Jeffrey, it will be seen, lays stress not upon the character of the articles in his *Review*, nor upon the tendency of the doctrines and policies they advocate, but upon the fact that the *Review* is a periodical work. On all periodical publications the onus lay of proving that they were not merely tradesmanlike enterprises.

In view of this, was it not a bold task Mr. Benjamin Disraeli undertook when he crossed the Border to offer

Lockhart the editorship of a London newspaper; or is it strange that he sought refuge in euphemisms and described his newspaper editorship as the director-generalship of a most important organ? His diplomacy was all in vain. To old Auchinleck, Samuel Johnson was none the less a dominie though he called his school an "academy"; and Lockhart knew quite well that he would be none the less a newspaper editor though he should call himself a director-general.

Many an advocate and barrister among Lockhart's contemporaries would have thought it beneath his dignity to contribute to the periodical press. But there were exceptions to the rule, and eminent among them was Croker, who—as many Irishmen do—possessed the journalistic instinct. And Croker, before Disraeli's attempt, had endeavored to enlist Lockhart as a journalist, in the interests of his party, as he was to do again later. Nay, when the *Guardian* was being promoted, "to maintain the principles of morality and respect for constitutional authority," he wrote asking Lockhart not to canvass for advertisements, but, what was almost as bad, to find out some one who would canvass for advertisements and get subscribers. And Sir Walter, who unhappily knew too much about the commercial side of literature, did obtain a list of subscribers and forwarded it to Croker—a tradesmanlike transaction surely! But Mr. Croker was not in the least ashamed of such transactions. On the contrary he rather plumed himself on his prowess; and he had notions of his own of the future of journalistic enterprise.

Not long ago, Lord Rosebery suggested it might solve many difficulties could we have a dual Cabinet—two men for each office, one to act and one to talk. Lord Rosebery was anticipated by Croker, but Croker's idea was that the second man should not talk,

but write leading articles, defending and extolling his own department. Where the aspirants are always many, and the offices limited in number, the Croker plan would obviously simplify the task of Cabinet construction immensely, provided the able and brilliant editor were made equal in status and salary with his right honorable colleague. And, instead of being pestered at question time, it would be far pleasanter for a Government to be able, through their editor-ministers, to hint, to deny, to leave people in their errors, or to reveal ministerial intentions, as circumstances appeared to demand. Of himself—he had had some experience of the office—Croker says, “I have heretofore conveyed to the public articles written by Prime Minister and Cabinet Ministers, and sometimes have composed such articles under their eye—they supplied the *fact* and I supplied the *tact*, and between us we used to produce considerable effect.” “The times are gone by when statesmen might safely despise the journals, or only treat them as inferior engines, which might be left to themselves, or committed wholly to the guidance of persons wholly unacquainted with the views of the Ministry.”

It was with such views that Mr. Croker in 1829—his second attempt—tried to enlist Lockhart, believing him to be a person who could furnish tact, if supplied with fact. His success was no greater than Mr. Disraeli's. How could it have been? As is evident from the correspondence that passed between them, neither Sir Walter nor his son-in-law shared Croker's views on the political possibilities and personal advantages of journalism. “I will not, even to serve the Duke, mix myself up with newspapers,” says Lockhart. “That work it is which has damned Croker”—as perhaps it did in the end. “As for Croker's hints about the advantages of being constantly among the

rulers of the land, why, I do not envy being constantly before them in that capacity”—no, not even though it should show honors in the regions about Fleet Street and in the groves of Eatonswill.

From about the time of the Reform Bill the preponderating weight of journalistic influence was on the side of the Whigs, partly because the Whigs courted the press, and partly for the more direct reason that Whiggery was then in fashion. Simultaneously, although not necessarily as a consequence, the journalist acquired a better social standing than before. In 1829 Sir Walter had written to Lockhart, “Your connection with any newspaper would be disgrace and degradation. I would rather sell gin to the poor people and poison them in that way. Besides, no gentleman can ever do that sort of work by halves. He must, while he retains a rag of a shirt to cover his nakedness, be inferior to the bronzed, mother-naked, thorough-going gentlemen of the press.” The gentlemen of the press, nevertheless, made their way, and lived down their reputation as conscienceless soldiers of fortune.

Froude, commenting on the offer of employment which Carlyle received through Captain Sterling, and moralizing upon the incompatibility between journalism and private integrity, suggests that journalists constitute an army in which men's souls belong to the commanding officer, their enemies being chosen for them, and they being bound to fight and ask no questions. Carlyle himself would not have taken it so seriously. For the able editor he had no great admiration as a rule, and he takes care to let us know it; but he does not judge him in the austere spirit of his disciple—laughs at him rather, as Dickens does at Mr. and Mrs. Pott. And in the editor in the concrete, when that editor is Edward Sterling, he finds

a stubborn instinctive sense of what is manful, strong, and worthy, and an eye quick to detect the charlatan. Even his chops and changes have their merits; his denunciation of Toryism one day, and his recognition of Wellington and Peel as fathers of their country the next, being interpreted as tokens of a consistency deeper than what the mob takes for consistency. Lockhart had declared, in his proud way, that, if he were to associate with the Duke of Wellington, it would not be as a journalist. But this Irishman was differently constituted, and even Carlyle admires the way in which he carried it off—his graceful deference to great ladies, his politeness to potentates, and his geniality in the company of clubbable men. Driving up and down in his chariot, going busily among busy men, rolling about all day in the clubs and in London society, Tonans, by testimony of Sauerteig himself, is a brisk and cheery figure, despite the fact that the result of his various activity is just "three hundred and sixty-five opinions in the year upon every subject." Living before the days of telegraphs, cables, telephones, news agencies, and syndicates, Sterling, as Carlyle sketches him, played up to the popular (and largely fanciful) ideal of the daily editor.

At one in the morning, when all had vanished into sleep, his lamp was kindled in his library; and there twice or thrice a week, for a three hours' space, he launched his bolts which next morning were to shake the high places of the world. Let the most gifted intellect, capable of writing epics, try to write such a leader for the morning newspapers. No intellect but Edward Sterling's could do it.

But "ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot," Mr. Carlyle; the impossible was done even to greater perfection by one of Sterling's successors, the most influential journalist who ever wrote for

the English daily press; and done under conditions as unfavorable for deliberate composition—on coming home from theatre or dinner party, while the boy waited. To the professional journalist there is nothing extraordinary in writing a full leader (with its three paragraphs, to conform with the three propositions of a syllogism, if one only knew it) on short notice, in the small hours; that is his business, and he lays himself out for it. But Reeve (for to him we refer) was not a "professional" journalist; leader-writing was for him a paragon. Although he supplied the *Times* with an article four or five times a week, he had his day's work to do in an important public office; and he went much into society. For a man so occupied, the production of a full leader almost daily for a morning paper was an exacting task. It was not, however, the rapidity of his production nor the difficulties under which he wrote that distinguished Reeve's work for the daily press; it was the authoritative weight of what he wrote. He realized the dream Croker had dreamed, and, without any loss of that self-respect which Lockhart so justly prized, he acted as journalistic medium between Ministers and the public. The secret of his success was that he was not a "professional" journalist, but a public servant who turned his position to account in a fashion that would not now be tolerated.

Probably no one had ever written so much in the English press with equal opportunities of acquiring information on the subjects I professed to treat [says Reeve in an autobiographical note]. During a great portion of these fifteen years I lived on terms of confidential correspondence and intercourse with several of the leading ministers of England and France—more especially with M. Guizot and Lord Clarendon, while Delane acted as a means of communication with Lord Aberdeen. Through Mr. Greville, my own chief

and afterwards colleague, who had originally introduced me to Barnes in 1840, and sanctioned my writing for the paper, I could always ascertain what was going on; and I question whether there was any person out of the Cabinet more correctly acquainted with the course of affairs; indeed, sometimes things reached me which the bulk of the Cabinet did not know. The consequence of the information was that, although I am not conscious of ever having published what it was desirable to conceal, the *Times* became a power in Europe more dreaded by kings and more read by statesmen than the most elaborate despatches.

Making due allowance for the personal equation, this statement may be accepted as historical; and when we consider the difficulties Queen Victoria and Prince Albert had with the early Victorian Ministries, how little successful they sometimes were in impressing their views of foreign politics on foreign secretaries, how partially informed they not unseldom were of what was going on, how impossible they sometimes found it to be to put themselves right with the public; and when we compare their disability with Reeve's intimate knowledge of home and Continental politics and his unquestionable power in shaping public opinion at home and abroad, we are disposed to ask whether as leader-writer he did not in some directions exercise more political influence than his Sovereign herself.

Imaginative journalists have sometimes dreamed of doing what Reeve did, but on a more extensive scale; and they have indulged in extravagant visions of the immense power that organ should wield which was constantly in touch with Kaisers and Kings, statesmen, generals, and financiers; the men most distinguished in literature, science, and art. They have neglected to observe that almost no one, not even the local bellman, supplies newspapers

with information simply in order to have the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, made public; that it is one thing to get information, and another to be able to appreciate its worth or its worthlessness; that the journalist to whom information is merely marketable copy will be told only as much as it suits the purpose of his informant to tell him; and that, were he told more, he could not always be trusted to make a good use of it. Even under the most favorable circumstances, confidential intercourse between ministers and professional journalists is seldom for the benefit of the public service, or for the best interests of ministers or of journalists, and it is distinctly to be deprecated where the press is conducted simply and solely as a commercial enterprise; where the journalist is the sandwich-man of the advertiser.

Only an utterly irresponsible journalist will publish everything that will sell, or say all that he thinks, irrespective of the harm he may do. It would be no loss of dignity for a journal to tone down its philippics were it pointed out that they were doing real harm. But the harm should be proved to be public harm. Ministers step beyond their province when they attempt to control the press in the criticism of party tactics or of their own speech and conduct. On one occasion when he had been chastised in the *Whig Review*, by the masterly hand of Mr. Robert Lowe, in a fashion so entertaining to friend and foe that a second edition was called for, Lord John Russell, it is said, not only vetoed the sale of the journal, but very strongly reprimanded the publishers for allowing their editor by his general course of action to "plunge the party in a swamp of political immorality." Now interference between an editor and his publisher in this way is about as mean a form of meeting criticism as it ever entered into the heart of a public man

to conceive. In this instance no mischief was done, the publisher standing by his editor, and the editor by his contributors; but it is well that public men should keep their own place, and meet public criticism openly. Lord John had some ground of complaint in that his actual assailant was a colleague. A colleague should not shoot at a colleague from under cover. It is doubly disgraceful when, as has sometimes happened, a Cabinet Minister, instead of meeting his colleague frankly in council, badgers him in the press, and impedes him in the execution of a difficult policy which has the support of a majority. Such a course is an abuse of journalism and a public danger. We question whether it is for the public advantage for even a prominent leader of the Opposition to be intimately associated with the press. Enthusiastic politicians can scarcely be expected to understand the conditions under which journalists do their work. Mr. Bright, for example, who himself knew no fear and little restraint, appears to have thought that the writers on the *Morning Star* should be equally bold. "I would not think of the interests of the proprietors, I would only think of what was just and right." But the journalist must think of both; the real misfortune is that sometimes he cannot do both, that he cannot at the same time promote the interest of the proprietor and act fairly by the public.

That Governments should have no dealings with the press at all is a sound general rule, and it is especially so where financial considerations come into play. The probity with which the Commercial columns of our leading journals have been conducted has been one of the most honorable distinctions of British journalism; and although it is not given to every one to put a good thing in the way of the Government, as Mr. Greenwood once did, we dare say that many a financial writer, as a

matter of everyday duty, frequently does the public a service by giving it information which it would profit him to keep to himself. But Governments should not count on this; they should not throw temptations in the way of journalists. Information such as that given by Lord Aberdeen to the *Times* of the intended abolition of the corn duties might easily prove a temptation too strong to be resisted. As it was, although the information was confided to a journalist who knew his duty and did it, the object of the Minister was to influence the American Government and the American exporter of grain. It is not always possible to be so sure of your man as Lord Aberdeen was; and, in all matters bearing on finance, ministers should take from journalists all the hints they can get, but they should give none.

Nor do ministers invariably find it to be for their own or for the public advantage to keep their journalist friends privately posted up in news and views. They thereby place their reputation and popularity at the discretion of the journalist, since to their text it is his function to add the persuasive commentary. And while they give him hints, the form in which he presents the hints to the public is the mould into which public opinion runs. In accepting suggestions from ministers the journalist obtains the means of controlling the actions of his advisers; he makes or mars their reputation and he moulds public opinion. At the time when they were hand and glove with the *Times* leader-writers, ministers found that they not only gave the journalists the means of shaping public opinion, but, as on the Continent it was believed, not that the leader-writers inspired public opinion, but that public opinion controlled them, the readiness with which foreign ministers accepted the *Times* as the voice of England on foreign policy was more embarrassing than helpful. The Gov-

ernment helped to create the fiction, but they could not control the writers; and they sometimes found the leader-writers practically taking the management of affairs out of their hands, and deciding the issues of peace and war. How thoroughly alarmed were the Government by the tone of the press towards Louis Napoleon at the time of the *coup d'état*! to how many shifts did they resort to still the storm! They, some of them, virtually went down on their knees to Reeve, beseeching him for heaven's sake not to castigate the "copper captain" at such a rate, lest the fellow might do this poor little defenceless island an ill-turn. The power of the press to embroil the country abroad, which thus caused them such excessive alarm, was in part their own creation; they had armed the leader-writers with authority. When they found it to be their duty to remonstrate with the press, they had no resource but private appeal, whereas to have had any effect their remonstrance should have been public. Whether heed had been given to their remonstrance or not, they would have got the credit of having done what they could. As it was, not much attention was paid to their private expostulations. The journalists took their own way, claiming the right to express public indignation against violence done to the citizens of a neighbor State. The ministers who had coached them so diligently they answered with eloquent dissertations on journalistic responsibility. "The responsibility of journalists," said Mr. Reeve, "is in proportion to the liberty they enjoy. No moral obligation can be graver. But their duties are not the same, I think, as those of statesmen. To find out the true state of facts, to report them with fidelity, to apply to them strict and fixed principles of justice, humanity, and law, to inform as far as possible the very conscience of nations,

and to call down the judgment of the world on what is false, base, or tyrannical, appear to me to be the first duties of those who write." Delane's view was that statesmen and journalists were only aiming at similar ends by different means. "We can neither change our respective courses. We need not substitute leading articles for civil despatches, nor can we bore and perplex our readers with materials for a Blue-book. So let us each keep our line." An excellent rule, to which it has only to be added that ministers are not keeping their own line when they supply a favored journal with private information and inspire its commentaries on the information so communicated. The rule is all the more binding where, as is now commonly the case, the circumstances to which newspapers owe their sale, and even their continued existence, are not those which are calculated to enhance their reputation as educative influences. It is possible to have newspapers, of a kind, without the aid of journalists.

To the journalist who considers the future of journalism from a practical point of view, the question of real importance is the relation between him and the proprietor of the journal for which he writes. The general character of a journal is the best guarantee of the adequacy and the honesty of all that it presents to the public by way of news or criticism; and, as all experience shows, a newspaper best maintains a high character where the publisher is also a competent editor, where there is an honorable tradition to maintain, and where the relation between editor and writer is not solely a commercial one. But journals of this description are becoming gradually fewer, and the fewer they are the more unsatisfactory the outlook of journalism. When newspapers are merely negotiable assets, their identity is gone.

Identity, as it was once understood,

many journals do not possess; such identity as they do possess is confined to their physical form. Not long ago it was a rigorous rule with some writers never to contribute to a journal with the general views of which they disagreed. Their idea was that they thereby either aided or derived advantage from a circulation which existed for purposes of which they did not approve, and of course to do either of these things was a sacrifice of integrity. They attached so great weight to their own personal authority, or to the intrinsic value of their contributions, that they believed their genuine metal lent currency to the false. For example, when the *Saturday Review* took a line on the Eastern question which was entirely opposed to his views, although the articles he wrote were not distinctly political, yet, feeling scruples of conscience in being connected with a paper which propagated what he held to be false and pernicious doctrines on a question of vital importance, Freeman broke off a connection that had lasted twenty years; and in doing so sacrificed an income of 500*l.* a year. It was an honorable course in the circumstances. But there is such a thing as being over-scrupulous, and so long as the journal from which he differed extended to him its hospitality, Mr. Freeman was not bound to take the view that he was either aiding or deriving advantage from the propagation of false doctrine. He was contributing to a journal that had a character of its own; and a journal with a character of its own is better than one that has no reason for its existence beyond the sale it commands. Ultimately the question is one of editorial control, and certainly an editor is none the worse for having convictions of his own, nor is the contributor any the worse for respecting these convictions.

This does not mean that the contributor abandons his individuality and

independence. Under all circumstances the powerful and persuasive writer will carry conviction to the mind of his readers. Not even the influence of the editorial "we" can hinder an exceptionally strong man from asserting himself, and maintaining not only his independence but his predominance. Several very able and strenuous writers were connected with the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its earlier years; but for some time the largest share of the leaders was written by Fitzjames Stephen; and making allowance for a brother's partiality, the following remarks of Sir Leslie Stephen may be taken as illustrative of this point. In his *Life of his brother*, Sir Leslie writes:

Any writer in a paper, however free a course may be conceded to him, finds as a fact that "we" means something very real and potent. [And were this so there would certainly be room for scruple.] As soon as he puts on the mantle he finds that an indefinable change has come over his whole method of thinking and expressing himself. He is no longer an individual, but the mouth-piece of an oracle. He catches some infection of style, and feels that although he may believe what he says, it is not the independent outcome of his own private idiosyncrasy. Now Fitzjames's articles are specially remarkable for their immunity from this characteristic. When I read them at the time, and I have had the same experience in looking over them again, I recognized his words just as plainly as if I heard his voice. A signature would to me and to all in the secret have been a superfluity. And although the general public had not the same means of knowledge, it was equally able to perceive that a large part of the *Pall Mall Gazette* represented the individual convictions of a definite human being who had, moreover, very strong convictions, and who wrote with the single aim of expressing them as clearly and vigorously as he could.

But even at a street corner, addressing a crowd of electors with their after-

dinner pipes stuck defiantly in their cheeks, Fitzjames impressed one as a very definite human being. It is not every man who can stand such a test.

The trouble, however, is that newspaper readers do not look to their newspapers to inspire them with strong convictions, or with any convictions at all. It is not to creeds and doctrines journals now owe their character: or, if so, it is not to them that they owe their sale, which in most cases is the important consideration. Take even the journal to which we have just alluded, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, when it was in its heyday. The contributors to the *Pall Mall* were then a numerous and distinguished company. Trollope, who was of them, says he has met at one of their dinners a crowd of guests who would have filled the House of Commons more respectably than he had seen it filled on many important occasions. Of more than one of them the omniscient outsider might have said, with his usual confident ignorance, that it was he who had made the paper. Its leaders, we may believe, were extraordinarily able, and its occasional notes brilliant and pointed. But did leaders and notes obtain for it its sale? Not altogether. Trollope—and tradition corroborates—says the record of a night passed among the usual occupants of a casual ward in a London poor-house “did more to establish the sale of the journal than all the legal lore of Stephen, or the polemical power of Higgins, or the critical acumen of Lewes.” Again, the phenomenal literary and critical power of the early *Saturday Review* is an inexhaustible source of awe-inspiring myth. But Mrs. Lynn Linton tells us that one of its most successful hits was her articles on the “Girl of the Period”—a theme on which she composed a never-ending symphony, in which the modern young woman appeared in many guises, but always at heart what Pope

said all women are. The “Casual Ward” and the “Girl of the Period” articles, in fact, mark the transition from the old journalism to the new. The new may be said to have first definitely asserted itself in the *Daily Telegraph*, in which, as Mr. Sala tells us, the Messrs Levy carried out the idea that the daily journal should be, “not only a comprehensive newspaper [which the *Daily Telegraph* still conspicuously is], but also a miscellany of humorous and descriptive social essays, written by a staff of writers who possessed a lively style and had seen something of the world both in London and Paris.” The share Mr. Sala himself took in this enterprise is well known; his multifarious activity was for many years a perfect godsend to the scissors-and-paste sub-editors of the provincial press.

During the latter half of last century many of the best of the leading journals (particularly in the provinces) took a middle course; they were written neither by publicists, nor by writers who had seen something of the world both in London and Paris. Perhaps the best possible illustration of the nature of the working journalist’s employment in those years is supplied by Mrs. Lynn Linton’s account of her work on the *Morning Chronicle*.

Mrs. Linton’s journalistic godfather was John Douglas Cook, who, although he edited the *Saturday Review*, was, according to Sir Leslie Stephen, “a man of no particular education, and apparently never read a book.” Mr. Cook was editor of the *Morning Chronicle* when Miss Lynn (Mrs. Linton) made his acquaintance—a little girl who had written a queer book and wanted to be one of the press-gang, did she? She had called to see him by appointment, and he welcomed her with boisterous jocosities and volleys of strange oaths—he having a faculty for improvisation in that line—and, slapping her com-

radishly on the back, told her cheerily. "You are a nice kind of little girl, and I think you'll do." But there was method under all his brusquerie, and before engaging the young lady Mr. Cook subjected her to a very sensible form of written examination—he set her down to write a Blue-book leader on the truck system. "I give you three hours and a half," he said, taking out his watch. "Not a minute longer, by —. By that time your work must be done, or you'll have no supper to-night. You must take the side of the men, but —d'ye hear?—you are not to assassinate the masters. Leave them a leg to stand on, and don't make Adam Smith turn in his grave by any cursed theories smacking of socialism and the devil knows what. Do you understand that, young woman? I have had the passages marked which you are to notice, and so you need not bother that silly cocoa-nut of yours with any others. Keep to the text, write with strength, and don't talk nonsense. And now be off."

The result was entirely satisfactory, and Miss Lynn's bread and butter was secure—for a time. She was enlisted as office "handy-man"; and for a reasonably good salary wrote social leaders, did the theatres, acted as descriptive reporter, and wrote reviews—until one day she found it necessary to part company with her irascible editor, and never went back to the *Morning Chronicle* again.

Security of tenure, we fear, has never been a strong characteristic of the journalistic calling. Mr. Sala, on the strength of his thirty-seven years' experience, was once cited as a witness to give evidence of the practice of newspaper proprietors in the matter of engagement; but he was never called, for, before the case came up, he explained his position to counsel in these terms: "I am paid, and liberally paid, not by the week, month, or year, but by the

piece. If the proprietors wish to get rid of me, they are free to say so to-morrow, and if I wish to retire, I have only to make my bow, and take leave of Peterborough Court for ever." A free and easy relationship has its advantages; but where it is too loose, where there is not a friendly tacit understanding between proprietor and writer, there is a tendency to revert to the type Sir Walter described as the "bronzed, mother-naked, thorough-going gentlemen of the press"; and that is the beginning of the end.

Although we have not yet returned to the mother-naked state, it is not in the work of publicists like Croker and Delane, Sterling and Reeve, Stephen and Greenwood, we have to seek the germ of popular journalism, nor are these men the forerunners of the popular journalist of to-day. Of this popular journalism in its later developments we do not wish to say anything in disparagement—every one may judge for himself—but, whether it be considered good or bad, it will in all probability get worse before it can become better. Journalism is, in truth, reaping some of the tares as well as the good grain of its success as a remunerative commercial undertaking, and it will probably be the sport of commercial enterprise for some time yet to come.

In reading Colley Cibber's account of his own life, one can scarcely fail to be struck by the apparently inevitable effect competition had in lowering the character of the English stage. Theatre-managers whose ambition it was to have the people struggling to reach the pay-box like the crowd at a baker's shop during a scarcity, accommodated themselves to the tastes of a crowded house, and gave their audiences variety entertainments in place of drama. But after a time the persistence of the regular playgoer asserted itself, and the theatre recovered its standing.

There are indications that the press is at the beginning of a similar phase. Competition for advertisements and a large circulation will lower the journalistic standard. The necessity for dazzling advertisers with actuaries' statistics will force the conductors of the cheap papers to look to a large sale and the influence that is erroneously supposed to accompany an extensive circulation, instead of to the circulation that comes from a merited reputation for furnishing authentic information and sensible, apposite, and useful commentary on the news of the day. But this cannot last for ever, although it may last for some time yet. It will ultimately be found that the public

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that runs after sensation, hodge-podge, and blurred engravings, fluctuating and capricious as it is, cannot be depended upon. A journal's best hope is to gather about it a body of supporters to whom questions of real and general interest appeal—questions of politics, literature, science, and art. Not until this is widely recognized can the professional journalist exercise his true function, the only real function he has as a member of a distinct calling, which is to supply news of public importance, to aid his readers by sifting the true from the false, and to discuss with competent knowledge public events from a public point of view.

D. C. Banks.

RHYTHM AND RHYME.

The confession which so many readers nowadays are not afraid to make, that they do not care for poetry and cannot see why the same thing should not be written in straightforward English, is heard with mixed feelings by the writer of mere prose. Experience in his art has taught him its limitations. Nobody would be better pleased than he to make sentences and paragraphs which should justify so ingenuous a faith in them; but he knows that it is hopeless. If no other suspects it, he at least realizes how much of his meaning must go unexpressed, because the material in which he works will not convey it. The average reader may be unaware of the fact, yet it is true that prose is built up out of one material, poetry out of another. As the painter uses pigments denied to the artist in black-and-white, so the writer in verse has command, as it were, of a paint-box which the other may hardly touch. It is not that the poet has different words from the prose-writer's: he takes the old words with their old

meanings; but weaving them into verse he gives them a new value.

For it is the function,—it is the characteristic feature—of verse, to utilize in words a quality of resonance which they all have; a vibrant force of sound scarce audible in them singly, but of wonderful power when they are made to pulsate together. In prose words are at best but muted strings; in poetry they ring out full-toned, and the reader's spirit is made more sensitive to each word's meaning.

As the production of this tone is the making of poetry, so the hearing of it is what constitutes the reading of poetry. Unfortunately the music of syllables demands more than attention from the listener: it asks for practice too in listening; and that is where the unprepared reader generally fails. Wanting the practised ear, there is not much poetry that one can enjoy. Wanting the ear, many a reciter and many a would-be teacher are guilty of strange enormities. By a singular impertinence some people appear to assume that

Shakespeare himself was ill-advised to write in verse. But what disaster overtakes those who act upon that assumption! With faultless memory and enunciation two school-girls recited the scene of Wolsey's dismissal in *Henry the Eighth*, putting in all the apt expression and punctuating all the sentences, in careful disregard to the rhythm; yet the hearers found it hard to follow the sense of the passage. Afterwards, however, a private reading disclosed the fact that, if pauses were made where Shakespeare made them, namely at the end of the lines which these mis-taught girls had so studiously ignored, the meaning welled out continuous and clear and full, with a majesty no prose ever equalled. But it is always true that there is no poetry for those who do not hear the sound of lines; and in order to hear lines, it is necessary to value the sound, and especially the duration of the sound of single syllables. Hence it is worth while to propose a shibboleth for testing the ear and proving one's ability to value syllables; and for this purpose a line from *Rejected Addresses*,—one of the loveliest lines for sound in all English verse—will serve well.

Where is Cupid's crimson motion?

It is faultless; but as it happens to be nonsense, the meaning will not be affected if we replace two of the syllables by two others, and make it

Where is Cupid's sunny motion?

By this alteration the nonsense remains unimpaired, but what of the sound? The reader who does not shrink from that change, who does not see how the music of the line is marred by it, may be able to peruse prose, but so far as verse is concerned he has not yet learnt to read.

To a sensitive and practised ear English poetry is like a shell murmuring of the sea, full of mysterious sound.

And from that sound miracles proceed, for it is the poet's material. His is a fitting title; he is a *maker*; out of rhymes and rhythms, and cadences and subtle pauses, he makes things of which other people are able only to talk. Prose labors at its description; poetry outs with its rhyme, and the thing itself is before you.

In the best poems the dictionary meaning of the words is like a label describing a vivid picture; that, and no more, for what the words try to say the verse shows. Thus Keats mentions *slow time* and *silence*, just as any writer in prose might do; but, as no prose-writer may ever do, by the enchantment of that verse,

Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,

he fashions and puts before us a sample of the things he has mentioned. In the same ode, a real touch of endlessness is produced by a line which itself is soon ended:

For ever piping songs for ever new.

One does not think, but one feels (and that is the more convincing way) a kind of perpetual recovery, as the dropping meaning is picked up and floated forwards on the wave of that second *for ever*. So to utilize the sound of words in illustration of their sense is the especial privilege of the poet. Hear how Mr. Swinburne does it,—for a picturesque effect this time:

From where green lawns on Alderney
glitter,
To the bastioned crags of the steeps of
Sark.

Sometimes the things thus created out of rhythms are so obvious as to seem almost cheap,—mere happy hits. For example, Tennyson's

The moan of doves in immemorial elms
And murmuring of innumerable bees,

or his

Soon as the blast of that underground
thunderclap echoed away,

or Campbell's

Their shots along the deep slowly
boom,

where the actual booming and thundering and murmuring of the verse are what an imaginative child might invent at play. Sometimes, on the other hand, as in Rossetti's

With angels in strong level flight,

the fitting of sound to meaning looks so inevitable, that one is fain to wonder if prose, too, must not have expressed this just so, forgetting that to begin expressing things just so is to abandon prose and make poetry. And often it happens that the sound of words is too delicately insinuating to be noticed, and we attribute all our pleasure to their meaning, without realizing how that has been transfigured by their place in the verse. A score of times one may rejoice at Florizel's praise of Perdita,

—When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea,

and not observe that the words, too, are dancing gracefully, bowing and balancing through their delightful maze. "Move still," they say, and then comes the reverse movement.

—Still so, and own
No other function

These, however, are, after all, but incidental miracles which poetry works by the way, going about its greater task of raising language in general to a higher power. True, the greater task is but a repetition of the less on a larger scale; the one making syllables sonorous, the other, sentences. For it is still the quality of resonance that

is brought into action; whether we consider the individual words that come humming into a single line, or whether we regard the whole line, as it vibrates in sympathy with all the others in a stanza. But for all that, poetry is justified in the ennoblement of language as a whole, more than in its passing triumphs. By this art our commonplace English speech is made worthy of the immortals. Keats, it is true, protested that his verse was frail,

To that large utterance of the early
gods;

but Keats's readers think him too modest. A Cæsar might be proud, and a Henry the Fifth is fortunate indeed, to have found voice in Shakespeare's rhythms; a Ulysses need not have disdained Tennyson's. The case of Milton's archangels is, perhaps, different: they are beings almost too tremendous for speech of any sort; but this at least may not be denied, that prose from their lips would be bathos, and that if speak they must, no other tones could be so apt to them as those that Milton found in English words, and sent reverberating through his verses.

To return to the means by which poetry achieves such greatness, it is to be noted how lines, not of necessity very melodious in themselves, are improved in value by being set ringing in response to others. Such a line is Campbell's

Then flow the steed to battle driven,

which, in its own place (but not in this isolation), taking up the throb of the lines that have gone before, and passing it on to those that must inevitably follow, gives an impression far grander than its own meaning conveys. It is effective by dint of being in its place, like one of the hewn stones of an arch, among co-operative equals. To secure this invaluable quality it is that verse is so often measured into partitions or

stanzas; for then each line is strengthened by the echoes of all the others with which it is grouped. Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, beautiful as its lines are even individually, would lose half its effect by being printed straight on, without regard to the stanzas. Complete poems, short enough to profit by such an interchange of sound between all the lines, are among the most delicately delightful things in the world. So complete are some of Landor's epigrams, dainty as Tanagra ware.

As language finds a new voice when a real master of it causes its elements thus to call to one another, so its momentary pauses gain in impressiveness too. The cessation of a poet's line is almost as important as the progress of it. It comes in its due place by a natural law, which is no wanton convention, but which it is wantonness to ignore. And the same law holds good with stanzas also; the strong beat set up by the grouping demands an equally marked cessation of sound at the appointed moment. One would say that the poet must create a silence in which he can be heard; but what is most strange is that the silence itself may become a valuable aid to the poet in emphasizing his meaning. Of course, not every poem uses this effect; does every picture ask for all the colors in the paint-box? The point is that poetry may do this thing with a certainty most enviable by the prose writer, who can but dot in his pitiful row of asterisks and hope that the reader will check at them. And when the silent space in a poem is so used,—well, it is impossible to talk of what happens then. But let the reader (since quotations cannot be given at sufficient length) turn to Browning's *The Last Ride Together*, and experience for himself the thrill of that silence which divides the first from the second stanza.

But, though rhythm be justified, and

the so arbitrary seeming arrangement of verse into verses explained, other stumbling-blocks remain to perplex the inexperienced reader of poetry. Two devices there are in particular,—the one is alliteration and rhyme is the other—which hardly commend themselves to common-sense; and rhyme is the more egregious of the two. For how should a man, having said something that ends, it may be, with the word *low*, hope to add wisely to it by seeking out something else to say ending with *snow* or *flow*? It stands to reason that he will be hampered by his rhymes. He may not say what he would, but what he can. In short (the candid reader is fain to argue) it is a sacrifice of sense to silliness, this wilful imprisonment of one's meaning in rhymes; this false necessity to which the poet submits, of saying *snow* and *flow* because he has already said *low*. This cannot be a source of inspiration; from this neither an enrichment of meaning nor an uplifting of language is conceivable.

And yet *low*, *snow*, *flow*—they are Campbell's rhymes:

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

And, to whatever it be due, it is impossible to deny a great dignity in the verses. They have a charm to penetrate deaf ears. And what part in this do the rhymes play? Or how would the charm work, were they removed? It is worth while to try. Preserving the metre of the verses unimpaired, we may get rid of the rhymes by a slight alteration. We will let the first line run "On Linden as the sun went down"; and in the third we will say *flood* or *stream* instead of *flow*: and,—well, is the change important? We have only robbed the thing of its penetrating force, converted its stately

march into a jog-trot amble not worthy of attention and not likely to attract any. In short, we have done no more than spoil the poem. Its golden circlet of rhyme seems to have been a royal crown, torn away by our democratic common-sense.

In reality, however, it is a thing far more vital than a crown, and a truer though distasteful simile would accuse us of scalping the verse, when we shear away its rhyme. But that also is none too apt, and the exact simile is not forthcoming. In all the world, what else is there that is quite so trivial until put to the right use, and after that is so essential, as rhymes are? They are the feathering of the poet's oars; and how smoothly his verses travel! As the clematis twists a leaf with sly kink round its support, as the gourd at every joint thrusts down a new root, so a poem puts forth rhymes, and is the stronger for them. The clock ticks regularly through its hour and then strikes; the poem tells out its even syllables, and their periods are chimed out in rhymes. First and last that is rhyme's chief function, to emphasize and regulate the rhythmical time. It acts as a kind of fly-wheel; and as the sounds recur,—as *snow* and *flow* swing round in turn to the place where but now *low* sounded, the verse takes on a fascinating steadiness, and grows impressive as a magician's incantation. "Double, double, toil and trouble," the material of which the hideous spell is woven is rhymes. But they are more potent still for the white magic of pleasant verse; and when one examines verses like

All was gloom, and silent all,
Save now and then the still foot-fall
Of one returning homewards late,
Past the echoing minster-gate,

one is forced to acknowledge that, if it is the flowing rhythm that charms, yet the rhythm owes its smoothness to

those pairs of rhymes that follow one another in such endless procession.

Need more be said in justification of rhyme? First and last its function may be to regulate rhythmical time; but the great masters of words often adapt it to a further use. The two rhymed words in a stanza are above all the others conspicuous. If therefore the poet can also concentrate his meaning upon those same words, the light of it will be diffused the farther, the rhymes being then like beacon-fires answering one another across the whole verse. Words rich in association, full of fragrance, glowing with color, are especially meet for rhyming; as in Burns's "My love is like a red red rose," in which all the four lines are suffused by the meanings that emanate from *June* and *tune*. The words seem to brush together like pine-needles in a wind, and emit their finest essence as the leaves of rosemary or sweet-briar will do if rubbed between the fingers. With a couple of rhymes, therefore, the poet not only extracts the perfect tone-vibrations from his language, but sends his meaning through and through it. *The Brook* is full of examples of this. The fish are darting all through those lines,

I wind about, and in and out
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

Tennyson sometimes tripped, perhaps. Wanting a rhyme to *queens* in *The Palace of Art*, he contented himself with *greens*, meaning green lawns; but the force of the rhyme extracts another significance from the unlucky word, so that the verse seems suddenly full of undignified green-grocery. Does common-sense exclaim, "What else can you expect when a man begins rhyming?" The answer is easy. If two rhymed words, ill chosen, can make a whole

stanza ludicrous, they are equally able, well chosen, to make a whole stanza distinguished.

Tennyson could afford an occasional slip. "In poetry illustrious and consummate," as Browning judged him, he handled English words as few others have been able to do; and we may look to him for an example of the use a master makes of that other odd device, known as alliteration. The passage in his *Enone* beginning "I waited underneath the dawning hills," with its suggestion of quiet darkness and the profundities of mountain distance, will be familiar to all readers of poetry. A cruel fault of memory, however, once impaired it for the present writer, who tried to make the next two lines go,

Aloft the mountain pine was dewy-dark,
And dewy-dark aloft the mountain lawn

What was wrong? There were all the words, there was all the meaning; but yet there was wanting the airy limpidity of the mountain gorge, which the passage had been wont to conjure up. A reference to the book showed what had happened. *Pine* and *lawn* had changed places; and with that, the alliteration between *aloft* and *lawn* had been removed from the first line where the sense needed its smoothness to the second where its smoothness only levelled away and destroyed the fine aspiring impression of the correct version.

That such delicacy of workmanship is very rare may be true; but to know that it is possible is enough. Could better evidence be desired, to prove how the poet's art inspires a new and finer life into language? It is like the touch of spring on the land. The mere brute sounds of consonants stir with meaning, and the dullest elements of speech are quickened at a breath of the poet,—the dullest, stupidest elements, for there are few things

sillier, or more vulgar even, than alliteration is in itself. To say that the prose-writer dabbles in it (as he often pleasantly does) is to understate the matter. It is a favorite habit of the man in the street, who finds a comfort, which all the world shares with him, in talking of his Twopenny Tube, and whose football news is spiced for him with alliterative headlines, such as *Lucky Luton* and *Willy Woolwich*. With this sort of effect the prose-writer certainly may do much, but the finest quality of it is for the poet alone. At rare intervals, as we have seen, it subserves ends of the extremest subtlety; and constantly it is resorted to as a sure means of strengthening the pulsation of verses, and so increasing their penetrative force. When the poet leads off the weightier syllables of his verse all with the same letter, it causes each to ring as with a hammer-stroke; and while we like the repeating letter, we like still more its effect on the syllables, of marking their equal importance and increasing the volume of their sound. It is their statelier rhythm that most truly affects us.

All comes back to that, in the end. Alliteration is serviceable; rhyme is more useful still; but, with them or without them, the rhythm of verse is paramount. That, and that only, in language, can properly sensitize one's spirit to receive the poet's meaning. When the rhythm strikes up, all becomes fluid. When *The Barrack-Room Ballads* are done, and the *Envoy* begins on a changed beat

There's a whisper down the field where
the year has shot her yield,

And the ricks stand grey to the sun,

then the pulse of the lines communicates more to us than the mere words. The throb of the ship's engines seems to have started, and willy-nilly we are off on the Long Trail of poetry,—the Trail that is always new.

WILD WHEAT.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). AUTHOR OF "LYCHGATE HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIFTEENTH OF NOVEMBER.

When the weather grew colder, Peter's interviews with his beloved were necessarily shorter and rarer. As she steadily refused to meet him after dusk, they had perforce to snatch a few moments at odd times, whenever he could escape from the keeper's company, the trysts becoming ever more irregular as the season advanced. Often, as she stood by his side with the penetrating autumn blast circling round her, while the withered leaves fell in showers to join their sodden comrades of last year which lay dark beneath her feet, often—very often—did Nathalie reproach Peter for the cruelty which thus exposed her to so much discomfort.

"If you really loved me you would not wish me to suffer," she said to him once.

And then, Peter, with a sinking heart, promised to be unselfish; and for three whole days his heart went starving for want of her presence.

When next she vouchsafed to meet him he greeted her joyfully.

"I have found a shelter for you," he cried. "A deserted hut—a shooting hut among the firs at the end of the north plantation. Nobody else goes there, and I have made it quite snug for you. Come, let me take you there!"

She acquiesced, shivering; and Peter's face fell as he noted how unwillingly she turned in the direction indicated. But then, how pinched and pale she was! Nurtured as she had been in warm lands, the keen, raw air of the English autumn robbed her no doubt of spirit and elasticity. She was

right; it was barbarous of him to force her to wander in the damp woods when she might at least find comfort by the hearth. Yet how could he ever hope for a favorable answer to that momentous question which was to decide his fate, if they had no opportunities of meeting? And perhaps, after all, when she saw the hut—

But when Nathalie glanced round it, it was with an expression of disdain, not to say disgust. Peter had, indeed, swept out the place, and had lit a fire of sticks and fir-cones on the blackened hearthstone; but this well-meant attention had not been happy in its results, for puffs of acrid smoke issued forth every now and then from the mouldering chimney, almost suffocating them.

He had further improvised a bench, which tilted up at every incautious movement. Nathalie laughed sardonically after this had happened once or twice.

"You call this snug?" she exclaimed. "You must have strange ideas of comfort. I wonder," she continued, after a pause, "if you ever do marry, what sort of home you will provide for your future wife?"

Peter began to stammer some inarticulate reply, his heart in his eyes, his hands trembling as he stretched them towards her. If *she* were his wife, he essayed to say, he would ransack the world for her pleasure.

"Don't let your imagination fly away with you," resumed she drily. "It is not a question of what you *could* do, but what you *could* do. You have only your own exertions to depend on—is it not so? And good will does not count for much. What sort of home would yours be? A cottage in the country

with four rooms, and a pig-sty at the back, or else lodgings in a town—furnished lodgings, with somebody else's grease spots on the carpet, and somebody else's scratches in the wall-paper."

"Nevertheless, if you loved me—" began Peter.

He broke off, not trusting himself to speak further. His young face was set in harsh, stern lines. Yet it was at such moments as these, if he but knew it, that he came nearest to touching Nathalie's heart.

"I am trying to love you!" she exclaimed, softening. "Should I be here, if I was not? I want to love you," she added with real earnestness.

And then Peter banished resentment, and worshipped as usual with all his soul.

As her birthday drew near, both grew more restless. Nathalie seemed pensive, even sad; she frequently talked of former days, but in a veiled way that awakened curiosity and left him mystified.

Once she said: "I almost wish I had not promised to give you your answer on my birthday; I hate my birthday—*now*, though I used to love it. I was so much spoilt—it was a regular feast for me. I used to have so many presents, and flowers! Such flowers! When I woke in the morning I found great bunches of them waiting for me. Ah, well!"

She sighed.

"Are you so fond of the good things of life?" inquired he, a little roughly.

"I am fond of good things," she replied imperturbably; "and of other things, too, that are perhaps not good. But this birthday—what will it bring me? Middle age—at twenty-six one is no longer in one's first youth—and gray skies and cold winds, and a cross, frowning lover. If you could see yourself now, and what a fierce face you make! Bah! I wonder I do not send you away once and for ever!"

"But you will not send me away, Nathalie?" he pleaded, all gentleness again, all palpitating hope.

Then Nathalie, with a little laugh, promised she would wait a little.

Peter acted on the hint she had unintentionally given him, and wrote to London for a box of flowers which cost him his week's wages. Very early on the morning of the great day he despatched Prue to the big house with instructions to obtain access to the younger Miss Manvers by some means or other, and lay his gift before her.

He waited eagerly for her return, and saw with joy that she came back empty-handed.

"Well," he cried as she drew near, "she took my flowers?"

"Yes, she took them," answered the girl, who looked disturbed, and by no means elated.

"Go on—what did she say?"

"She was in bed," returned Prue, still without enthusiasm; "but she sat up in a minute when I came in, and she cried out with joy when she opened the box."

"Well?" he queried impatiently, as she paused.

"She turned over the flowers, and smelt them, and kissed them; her cheeks were quite red, and she clapped her hands, and she kept calling out in some queer foreigner's talk."

"But didn't you tell her they came from me?" interrupted Peter.

"She looked up at me all at once," narrated Prue, "quite surprised. I think, to find me standing there, and she asked me who I was, and I said I was 'Keeper Meadway's maid,' and then she looked back at me sharp: 'Where did these flowers come from?' she asked. So then I told her what you did bid me to say, Mr. Hounsell, 'From one who loves you.' And she looked at me still with her eyes shining, and her lips parted as if she wanted me to say something more, so I said: 'Can't you guess, miss?' So then she said:

'But how do you come to bring them?' So I thought maybe she was vexed at my knowing anything about it, and I said: 'He lodges in our house, you know, miss.' And then she dropped back on her pillows and looked at me a long time, silent-like, and then she sighed. 'Poor fellow!' she said, 'he is very faithful. It was a kind thought.' And she took a ribbon from the table near her and gave it to me, and I came away."

"That's all right," cried Peter joyously. "You are a splendid little messenger—you remember every word. What was it she said, Prue. Tell me again?"

"'He is very faithful!'" repeated Prue, in a monotonous voice. "'It was a kind thought.' Yes, and she said she thanked you from her heart."

"Did she?" cried the lad, his face irradiated.

"I think mother wants me now," said Prue, turning towards the house.

She walked very sedately till she reached the kitchen, and then, finding herself alone, gave vent to her feelings. She stamped her small foot and shook her fist; and drawing from her pocket a length of delicate blue ribbon she threw it into the fire, poking it down viciously amid the coals. After this outburst she became pensive, and stood for a moment or two looking sorrowfully down at the hearth; presently she shook her head with a deep sigh.

"It's too bad," said Prue, "it really is too bad."

The fifteenth of November fell that year on a Saturday, at which Peter rejoiced, for he found himself free in the afternoon.

He waited long, however, at the entrance to the hut before Nathalie made her appearance; and when, at last, he saw her coming, he did not dare to go and meet her.

Without greeting him, she at once entered the hut, walking gingerly on

the uneven floor. The fire burnt brightly that day, emitting a pleasant resinous odor; and she drew near to it, stretching out her hands, and shivering as if cold.

Peter came up to her, fixing her with his eager gaze; but she did not glance at him.

"It is to be 'No' I suppose?" he exclaimed at length, jerking out the words in a choked voice.

Then Nathalie straightened herself and looked at him.

"On the contrary," she said, with a faint smile, "it is to be 'Yes.'"

He could hardly believe his ears; the revulsion of feeling was so great that he positively reeled, and leaned for a moment against the wall to steady himself.

"You really mean it?" he cried at last. "You are not playing with me? You will let me—let me hope?"

She nodded.

"Then there is nothing I cannot do!" he cried exultingly. "You will see—you will see! I'll work, I'll slave! You shall have a home that you need not disdain, my queen! Do not be afraid, I am strong—I have all the strength of the world, I believe—here and here!"

He touched first his head and then his breast with a quavering laugh. He was beside himself—drunk with joy.

"Oh," he cried, "that you should stoop to me! You—you!"

He fell on his knees beside her, pouring out incoherent words. She stepped back, shuddering, and then Peter leaped to his feet again.

"I am frightening you," he said, in an altered voice; "don't be afraid, love. I can control myself. See, I am quite calm now. But you must have a little pity on me—I am like a thirsty man who has come at last in sight of water. Sweetheart, since you are to be my wife, why should you hold me off?"

You have played with me so often—let me feel sure of you for once!”

His arm was stealing round her now, his face was bent to hers; but Nathalie shivered again. Gazing at him with eyes wide with horror, almost with hatred, she stretched out both her hands and thrust him from her.

“I can’t!” she cried, almost with a scream. “Oh, my God, I can’t! What was I thinking of! How could I give such a promise? Keep off—or I shall die with loathing!”

The admonition was needless; Peter had already fallen back, and stood with his arms hanging stiffly by his side, as one transfixed.

“I can’t do it,” she went on moaningly. “You mustn’t be angry—I tried, indeed, I tried. But now I know—I can’t!”

“There is somebody else,” said Peter; his lips were so dry that the words were scarcely intelligible, but she heard them, and averted her head.

“You may as well own up,” he went on, making a strong effort to regain command of himself; “I know it without your telling me, but I must hear the whole story. Who is the man?”

“You wouldn’t know——” she began falteringly.

“I choose to know, though,” interrupted he, catching at the words.

“His name is Ralph Cheverill,” she said, almost in a whisper. “I met him two years ago at Monte Carlo. A young Englishman—we met often. Afterwards he followed us, my cousin and I, to Switzerland.”

“Why did you not marry him?” queried Peter as she paused.

She laughed bitterly.

“He said he loved me, but—well, it was not convenient to him to marry a penniless girl. His family was a great one, but he was a younger son; he was in a smart regiment, though he called

himself a poor man—he had been accustomed all his life to everything that wealth can give—ease, pleasure, luxury—he didn’t see fit to give up these things for me.”

“Yet you love him still?” said Peter, his lips writhing in a very strange smile.

“I love him still!” she owned defiantly. “Heavens! yes,” she added with gathering passion, “I love him—I will always love him. I cannot tear him from my heart. I cannot forget him, though he has made my life a torture to me.”

“And you! What have you done with my life?” broke out Peter violently. “I wonder I don’t kill you as you stand there bragging of your love for another man. And I—I—oh, my God, I thought I was the first!”

“Kill me and welcome!” cried she, gazing up, without blanching, into his glaring eyes. “Put me out of my misery—it will be a boon. I have no fear of death.”

“No, you only fear love—my love,” he groaned. And, turning from her, and leaning his arms against the wall, he hid his face in them.

She went towards him, trembling in spite of her brave words.

“Oh, Peter, forgive me,” she faltered, “I did want to love you—all my life I have always craved for love. Nobody else cares a snap of their fingers for me—I knew you were good and true——”

“True!” he echoed, with a muffled but exceedingly bitter laugh.

“I—didn’t want to let you go——” she continued; “then there would have been no one. I—Peter, I give you my word I thought I could love you.”

“Oh, have done!” he muttered without looking round.

She stood still for a moment contemplating the sturdy, broad-shouldered form which, nevertheless, seemed so stricken, biting her lip the while and

clasping and unclasping her hands nervously; then she gently touched his arm.

"Perhaps—in time—" she was be-

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ginning, when he shook her off and turned upon her fiercely.

"No!" he cried; and thrusting her from him he left her.

(To be continued.)

THE DECADENCE OF TRAGEDY.

To turn from the "Agamemnon" and the "Antigone" to "Nero" is to pass from the shades of dead princes to their figures in waxwork. We do not feel any real terror or pity or awe in the presence of "Nero" and "Agrippina"; what strikes us is the spectacular effect. The fault lies primarily with the audience, which would not endure a vital and convincing tragedy. Classical plays are still admitted because tradition has authorized them, and we should own ourselves wanting in good taste if we questioned them. But if the "Antigone" and "Electra" or "Hamlet" and "Lear" were for the first time offered to a modern public, no manager would risk accepting them, no cultured audience would stand the strain on their nerves, and no reviewer would hesitate to condemn such revelations of human agony. As it is, these resuscitated plays do not overwhelm us, partly because we are familiar with the themes, but chiefly because we can only superficially realize them. There is in the *dramatis personæ* something remote from our own times and our own natures. Some tones, indeed, immortally human, speak to us even out of the bye-gone world of Hellas, but they reach us rather as echoes than as a voice from the living. The motives, the methods and the actions of Greek drama belong to the past. The characters and their fates inhabit the regions of poetry and myth. We have continually to suppress our sense of possibilities if we conceive of them as

fashioned of the same elements as ourselves. The crime of Atreus in banqueting his brother Thyestes on the limbs of his children is the motive that underlies the trilogy of Æschylus, and the unwitting error of Œdipus in marrying his own mother supplies the trilogy of Sophocles. To the modern mind these causes seem too outrageous to excite the least thrill of horror. But it was not so with the audience for whom they were created. The Greeks had passed abruptly from the Homeric stage of thought and feeling to one of high intellectual development. Their religion still preserved the crude materials of savage faith. And the Greeks formed only small isolated city-states, surrounded on all sides by morally barbaric Macedonians, Orientals and Egyptians, amongst whose princes unnatural sins and violent deeds were not uncommon. To the Athenians these tragedies must have been incomparably more moving than they can ever be to us, because they violated no sense of reality. But we are obliged to ignore the central purpose before we can be touched by the remnant that is still conceivable, the wrath and misery of the blind, exiled king, the grief and sacrifice of Antigone. In reading the Prometheus, no religious sentiment exalts our sympathy for the beneficent God, no awe amazes us at his defiance of Zeus.

The Elizabethans are by several grades of feeling nearer to us than the Greeks are. Life had widened in their

days. There is—or there seems to us to be—a profounder sympathy and a more real humanity in Shakespeare than in Æschylus or Sophocles, and his characters are certainly more akin to ourselves. Yet even Hamlet and Lear and Othello are not wholly realizable to-day. Their emotions and their thoughts are not quite our own, they move in an environment of ghost-like imaginative antiquity. Their actions, sudden, uncontrolled and inconsistent, must remain inconceivable in Twentieth Century England. We have nothing to do with kings and queens who put out the eyes of their hosts and then tread on them, with nobles who use poisoned rapiers, or with bridegrooms who slay themselves on the tombs of their brides. Madame Longard de Longgardes heroine, after seeing "Othello," makes the characteristically modern enquiry, "Were there no divorce courts in those days?" and the American criticism is that no one could sympathize with a white lady who married a negro. But Elizabethan audiences had known the bloodiest dramas to be enacted in real life, "the falls of princes," the executions of four queens, the loveliest, the most innocent and the most gifted; royal tragedies of jealousy, lust and tyranny; martyrdoms, murders, assassinations, and scenes of butchery as appalling as those in "Othello" or "Lear." From Surrey to Raleigh, from Anne Boleyn to Jane Grey and Mary Stuart, they were familiar with the doom of the highest in the land. And the Elizabethans, since they were no longer absorbed in the sheer excitement of action, had time to feel the might and meaning of such tragedies and to draw literary inspiration from them. The dramatists of that age put practically no limit to the expression of human suffering. Shakespeare, it is true, never loses the redeeming belief in a righteous purpose, his "Gods are just." But Webster's

"Duchess of Malfi" is nothing more than the exhibition of a beautiful and unconquerable woman slowly tortured to death. Its force must have been far greater in that age than in ours, for such deeds had been done at no remote period.

From the Elizabethans to the twentieth century there has been a marked decay in tragic art. This is certainly not the result of any decline in intellectual power. The process was at work amongst the great Victorians who hold their own with any of the Elizabethans except Shakespeare. The cause is, that the novel drove out the drama as a living form of high art.

The tragic drama of to-day divides itself into sensational plays and the dead classical plays, either written long ago, or, like "Nero," reviving obsolete themes and modes, in either case as interesting and yet as distant from the present actualities of our existence as the ruins in Crete. The novel, in spite of threatened extinction, still remains the most complete and genuine expression of the age. Now the novel is not nearly so well adapted to pure unmixed tragedy as the drama. Its length militates against the intensity and the rapid movement required. It sprang from the complexity of modern life and it reproduces that complexity. It reflects varying phases rather than any single passion. A novel in which the gloom of impending fate prevailed from the opening scene to the close, as it does in "Hamlet," would risk being unnatural. Tragedy may predominate amongst mingled elements. It must be the end of every human life, but the intervening space between birth and death is in every normal case mixed with comedy. The mixture is represented in most of the novels of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot and George Meredith; in "Rob Roy," in "Vanity Fair," in "Our Mu-

tual Friend," in "Middlemarch" and in "Diana of the Crossways."

There was also a formal reason for not making the novel perfect tragedy. As originally conceived, the novel was a love-story with a hero and heroine who had to be piloted through surprising adventures until they were safely landed in matrimony. This character has never been quite outgrown. But as far back as Defoe, narrative had taken the less restricted and more irregular form of fictitious biography, which gave a better scope for tragedy than there was in the conventional love-story. In neither form of the novel was the tragic element excluded. It was invaluable in adventures and inevitable in a realistic biography. In the works of the great novelists tragedy is sometimes the grand motive, and artistic ingenuity is severely taxed in keeping it in the background and bringing to the front the minor motive of a happy love-affair. The effect is often forced and sometimes incredible. In "Nicholas Nickleby" the real story is broken towards its close simply to provide a marriageable young lady and gentleman. In "Waverley" the true heroine Flora is purposely depreciated in order to leave the stage free for the insipid Rose. Scott's favorite device was to make his reader the confidant of some ordinary young man whose interests occupy the main place, while the grander tragic personages, Queen Mary, or Fergus and Flora Mac'Ivor, move to their doom in the rear of the stage. In the more modern and realistic school of Dickens, the central characters are threatened with catastrophe, but escape. Dickens was in his own way as powerful a master of the tragic episode as Beaumont and Fletcher or Webster. The actual amount of physical crime and torture in his works is less, but every grim deed stands out large in an atmosphere of horror and of pity. But

he too felt the need of conforming to precedent, and even "Oliver Twist" closes to the tune of wedding bells. There is something irritating in the descent of feeling from the shock of murder and of righteous judgment to a flat contemplation of the prosaic satisfaction of two young Phillistines who are about to set up housekeeping. The immediate effect is to blunt the edge of tragedy; but where that is powerful, its mental impress remains the permanent and indelible one, and the conclusion is forgotten. Every lover of Dickens has haunting memories of the great Jarndyce suit and Lady Dedlock, of the wretched children of Dotheboys Hall and of the fates of Nancy, Bill Sikes and Fagin; but probably a large percentage would be nonplussed if they were asked who were Madeline Bray and Frank Cheeryble? who married Esther Summerson? and what became of Oliver Twist when he grew up?

The Victorian Era marked the first stage in the decadence of tragedy. Instead of forming the climax, it sank into an episode. Culminating in the Elizabethan drama, it had passed through nearly two centuries of rant and sensationalism and had become almost extinct in the dramatic form. In the novel it revived mixed with comedy. This did not necessarily imply a deterioration of literary art, but as a matter of fact the issue was usually brought about in an artificial manner. Greeks and Elizabethans alike stopped with their climax, and thus created the only perfect form of tragedy. And they smote and spared not, offering up the central, and not the secondary characters, the victorious king at his homecoming, the young warrior in arms for Thebes, the betrothed bride, just as Shakespeare drowned Ophelia, smothered Desdemona, crazed Lear and made him die of grief. A striking illustration of the change from the sixteenth century view to that of the nineteenth

is seen in the different treatments of the Faust legend. Marlowe dragged Dr. Faustus to the mouth of hell and left him there, while a brief chorus pointed the terrific moral. Goethe redeemed his Faust by a legal quibble and brought him into bliss. It is an ample commentary on the second part of "Faust" that the general public know nothing about it. The "Comedilla" of Faust is a literary curiosity, the tragedy of Gretchen is a universal and immortal possession.

With Thackeray began a new process of decay. It was he who established the modern society novel of the West-End of London. The object of society being admittedly mutual entertainment, genuine high tragedy had to be suppressed. Within his own sphere of life, he was too comprehensive a master to exclude the fatalities of sin and accident, and he indulged freely in pathos of the gentler kind, but yet in books like "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis" we are an immeasurable distance away from the moral sublimity of the "Antigone," of "Hamlet," or even of the strongest scenes in Dickens. With Thackeray began the literary fashion of making a telegraphic announcement of the catastrophe and then closing the door upon the victims. As a new device this often produced a powerful effect, *e.g.*, in that brief sentence, concluding a chapter of mixed narrative, humor, action and pain:—

Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face dead with a bullet through his heart.

And yet even in this instance the effect is only momentary. A humorous chapter follows. In Thackeray's hands the novel reached the extreme of complexity. Characters, emotions, scenes press upon one another so fast that even the thrilling announcement of George Osborne's fate does not trouble

us long. Tragedy did decline, even though it had some splendid lights of sunset. With Thackeray's successors brevity and reserve lost the force of freshness and became a mere literary fashion, until at the present time the full meaning of the change had become evident. The novel had reduced tragic art from a climax to an episode; the society novel suppressed its utterance or thrust it out of sight. It became not merely incidental, but momentary.

"High Life" has become more and more popular as a field for fiction, even with novelists who profess to treat other themes. But modern society, unlike the Elizabethan nobility, is incapable of producing a distinctive tragic literature, because it forbids the expression of emotion and disapproves of any strong passion. "The calm that marks the caste of Vere de Vere" may be Olympic, but it is not dramatically interesting. Gesture and utterance are restricted by rigid social laws. Hence the essential absurdity of the modern theatre, which shows us well-bred and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen gesticulating and orating in a manner that polite English people now associate only with lunatic asylums. If by any conceivable accident a modern *Œdipus* had married his mother, he would not go raging through his palace. The first footman that he met would quench his frenzy more effectually than any chorus could. The desire to keep up appearances has completely overcome the natural tendency to spontaneous expression. Humor, on the other hand, has free play. It nourishes the social craving for amusement and excitement, and it provides a safe outlet for emotions with which we cannot altogether dispense. The comedy of our time is more successful than the tragedy. Miss Fowler and John Oliver Hobbes, Bernard Shaw and Barrie are our characteristic writers, rather than Hall Caine

and Marie Corelli. In Sarah Grand's work the tragic element is so carefully suppressed that the ordinary reader may miss it altogether. "The Beth Book," for example, is the life history of a child of genius, treated almost from infancy with heartless cruelty by her own mother. Beth, beaten, shaken, neglected, grows out of childhood, only to marry in her nineteenth year one of the most abject specimens of mankind that a novelist ever invented. Yet there is not a trace of tragic art in the book. It is humorous and satirical. Every effort is made not to produce but to avoid a strong impression of pain. Here, as in other books of Sarah Grand's, the social objection to strong feeling is aided by the author's deliberate purpose of appealing to pure reason and not to emotion. Now pure reason does not admit of catastrophes. In Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Marriage of William Ashe" all the stronger elements of tragedy are stifled. The theme is tragic, for it is that of a lovely nature crossed by a vein of insanity and hurried on to self-destruction; but we are only politely sorry for Kitty when she is introduced in the last stage of consumption. We have never suffered with her, and we would rather not have seen that charming and well-gowned sprite as a withered and somewhat prosy invalid. There is one tragic figure in this book, Kitty's sister Alice, who passes "like an embodied grief, lamentable, menacing." But instead of any sympathy for Alice's fate, or admiration for her fortitude, all we are made to feel is a shocked repulsion, as if her undeserved suffering was scarcely decent and rendered her unfit to be kept in sight. This is a characteristic attitude of society. The same tendency to treat affliction as something unpleasant that no one wants to hear about appears still more plainly in the mass of novels and short stories poured out year by year. The

demand is mainly for light, humorous dialogue, grotesque motives and "the conventional happy ending."

There are some grand exceptions to what is nevertheless a fact, that tragedy has declined almost to extinction as a living and faithful expression of modern life. The greatest novelists have occasionally thrown over the convention of a happy ending, and have left us tragic stories which in their own kind stand supreme. Amongst the most perfect are Scott's "Kenilworth" and "Bride of Lammermoor," George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss" and "Romola," Meredith's "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." But such novels are few in number compared to those of composite elements like Meredith's "Diana," or those of pure humor like his "Egoist." They have had few successors and they formed no school. But in those foreign nations which are less artificially civilized the art of tragedy still flourishes. From Norway we have Ibsen's dramas, from Hungary the semi-barbaric romances of Jokai, from Poland "Quo Vadis" and "Knights of the Cross," all forming part of the current literature read in England. But it is Russia that has sent us the most powerful and most popular specimens in works like Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" and "Resurrection." Again, on the borders of the British Empire, beyond the paralyzing social influences, we often find such strong and unrestrained tragedy as that in Kipling's Indian tales or some of Mrs. Steele's novels, Stevenson's "Wrecker" and "Ebb Tide," the South Sea Romances of Louis Becke, Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm," and one novel which for unflinching force and absolute truthfulness to nature far surpasses these, Marcus Clarke's "For the Term of His Natural Life." In America, tragedy of late years seems exiled

from Boston and New York to the West. It is a significant fact that un-repressed power and the vivid realization of evil and of good should appear, not only in imperfectly-civilized nations like Russia, but in young communities like South Africa and Australia. The cause, just as amongst Greeks and Elizabethans, is the collision of a civilized consciousness with savage surroundings and traditions. The cultured sensitive conscience feels and represents with abnormal intensity the fierce loves and hates, the savage vices and the wild actions of primitive nature. A comparison of the philosophizing of Tolstol's "War and Peace" with Olive Schreiner's "African Farm" would show the same conflict in both.

But in the centre of the Empire, comedy is still the popular art, because for the present the influence of society predominates amongst the reading public. There are well-authenticated instances of authors being forced against their will and contrary to the natural course of events to conclude their stories with matrimony. Charlotte Brönte yielded to her father's authority so far as to leave the issue of "Villette" ambiguous. Thackeray, after the death of Colonel Newcome, in which he reached something like tragedy, added that singular conclusion which is practically a statement that he had exhausted himself over his old hero, and that his readers might imagine whatever they pleased about his other characters. Kingsley, though he has a tragic intensity equal to Ford's, dared not close "Hypatia" with the awful fate of his heroine. Kipling was obliged to alter "The Light that Failed."

This artificial optimism is not a mere literary fashion. The decline of tragedy has come from a decadence of feeling. There is no active cruelty in modern civilization such as there was in the corrupt and luxurious Roman Empire. There is no delight in pain.

But there is a cultured insensibility to it which can be almost as pitiless as Roman ferocity. Our nerves are overwrought, and our refuge is to feel nothing. The fashionable philosophy is a stoical Epicureanism. Its object is to prevent anything from interfering with the pursuit of pleasure. Even national calamities, like those of Russia or of Armenia, fail to move us in the manner that the Bartholomew stirred the contemporaries of Spenser or the Massacre of the Vaudois stirred Milton and the men of the Commonwealth. For a moment we are moved, but there are so many other things to distract our attention, and our pity is rather a sensation than a feeling. The characteristic mode of helping the unfortunate is by some form of entertainment. When, after the recent massacre, a concert was given for the persecuted Jews, one of the great dailies pointed out that the performance failed to attract a large audience because the music was not sufficiently cheerful. Surrounded on all sides by human suffering, we refuse to consider it. Yet never before was so much known about the miseries of poverty and the horrors of crime, of war, of massacre and of anarchy. Still, as two thousand years ago, we hear the whole creation groaning and travailing. Comedy has its place in dealing with what is incongruous, contemptible or absurd, it has no right to intrude into the higher sphere of sorrow or love or religion. Tragic art, when it is a truthful and sympathetic picture of life, shows us the significance of other lives, and it nerves us to bear our own pain. It is in tragedy, not in comedy, that the noblest side of our nature is revealed; it is tragedy that calls out the most heroic actions and the firmest endurance.

But if it does revive, it will probably be by the masses finding voice for themselves in literature, and ceasing to

listen solely to the refined but less natural accents of the leading classes. The resuscitation of dead drama is not what is wanted, it is a representation of the wider life and the deeper spirit of our age. We cannot go back to the narrower sphere and the more primitive emotions of the Greeks and of the Elizabethans. But life in its depth is still tragic, because we still think and feel blindly without knowing our own limits or the laws of the universe, against which we strike ourselves. Perhaps there is some inner meaning in the comfort of a matrimonial conclusion. It is an assurance that in spite of tempest and shipwreck the race will continue with new hopes. But since, after all these ages of succeeding effort, generation after generation still inherits pain and failure, it is better to face our destinies with courage, to feel what has to be felt and to learn from feeling and understanding, not from insensibility. Mental progress surely means the fuller and fuller recognition of living forces, whether they are good or evil. Long ago the Greek Prometheus touched the limits of physical agony and found something beyond them:—

Let him then work his horrible pleasure
on me,
Wreath his black curling flames, tempest the air
With volleyed thunders and wild war-
ring winds,

Heave from the roaring main its boisterous waves

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And dash them to the stars; me let him
hurl,
Caught in the fiery tempest, to the
gloom
Of deepest Tartarus; not all his power
Can quench the ethereal breath of life
in me.

(Potter's Translation.)

From no humorous comedy could that supreme and unassailable consolation come. A higher and more modern faith, resting on the permanence, not of the individual, but of God, found expression in the last lines of a woman remarkable for tragic power, whose life was living pain, but who had learned finally to see something of the infinite purpose behind destruction and the flux of things:

Though earth and man were gone
And suns and universes ceased to be
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death
Nor atom that his might can render
void:
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath
And what Thou art can never be
destroyed.

E. Bronte.

Here there is no blinding of the eyes
and veiling of the face. Yet in those
lines the tragedy of mankind begins
to merge in the "Divina Comedia" of
Deity.

Edith Searle Grossmann.

LUCY BETTESWORTH.

I.

It was the aptness of it that made the question saucy. A little girl, who had been condescendingly familiar with old Bettesworth, and had caught a glimpse of Mrs. Bettesworth

in the distance, came back to her friends on the lawn to ask embarrassing questions on the subject of matrimonial affection. Her inquiry, "Do husbands love their wives?" was an-

swered by a daring generalization which failed to satisfy her. With a roguish twinkle of the eyes she asked, "Does Mr. Bettesworth love Mrs. Bettesworth?" It was too startling. The sudden laughter she had played for rewarded the little maid's impish precocity: there was something irresistibly incongruous in the idea of poor Mrs. Bettesworth being "loved."

For the appearance of old Lucy is the reverse of prepossessing. She is a strange-looking figure—a kind of substantial shadow, standing motionless in the sunshine of the garden. Motionless she will stand—you might mistake her for a field scarecrow—for quite a long time; and when she stirs, it is with a slow, dubious movement, as of some piece of antiquity resuming forgotten life. An odd slate-colored and dishevelled, not quite human, apparition, even on a summer's day—such is Bettesworth's wife, seen at a distance.

As you approach her more nearly, the impression of unattractive strangeness is intensified. Presumably she wears the ordinary clothes of an old peasant woman, but they do not look quite ordinary on her. You are reminded again of the field scarecrow, but there is something else, too, in her appearance—something suggestive of bats' wings or of old cobwebs. A dingy woollen cross-cover, once red, fails to weaken the impression produced by the slate-hued things in which the old woman moves so curiously. Her black straw hat is shaped like an inverted bowl, and has a drooping brim—a wide descending brim that hides half her face; and the inky shadow of it seems to be a peculiar atmosphere that she alone moves in. Once, in Bettesworth's garden, where early peas were set, there appeared a strange row of diminutive scarecrows, several of which consisted chiefly of older hats of this pattern, while all were oddly reminiscent of Mrs. Bettesworth. Little

witchcraft images of herself they seemed and the main characteristic of them was uncanny.

Go quite close to the old woman, and the chances are that you will be shocked. She is short of stature, but if you can peer under the hat brim, to see more than her bristly chin, you will possibly look hurriedly away again. For the face there, though placid and kindly, is somehow hardly in keeping with our modern times. It is short and broad; the eyes in it have a dark and unspeculative gleam; the teeth have gone, and the lips have fallen in, yet are held tightly together. But this is not all,—this might be the picture of many a worn-out working woman; and there is something else than this that makes one unwilling to regard Mrs. Bettesworth. Her face is a face of the fields: it is unhomey, undomesticated. Swarthiest of the swarthy—that she must have been in her young days; there is the dark streak of the moustache to prove it, while dots and specks of blue, like Nature's tattoo marks, are visible here and there on her skin. Yet it cannot be all swarthiness that darkens the old woman's withered features and begrimes the strong creases which run from nostrils to fallen-in mouth. Perhaps it is only the stain and sun-tan of many years spent in the fields, but the aspect of Mrs. Bettesworth's face is unwashed. And there are her hands like it; and there, too, where the bodice wants a brooch, the dark coarse skin of neck and bosom owes some redness to the sun, but little enough, if anything at all, to womanly care of the person.

She is dishevelled. Imagine once more, in one glance, the wrinkled, broad face shaded by the hat, and now observe the gray hair how it straggles out below the hat brim. It is not cared for or twisted up—it is too scanty for that. It hangs down, rather stiffly and inclined to stick out, towards the

nape of the neck; but there is neither regularity of length to it nor evenness of disposal. You can see what it is—the remains of strong black hair turned gray at last and irregularly shortened, drooping in wisps under the shadowy hat brim, back behind that swarthy wrinkled face. And there, in the enigmatic face, the eyes give no clue to the thoughts, but all is cryptic and unfamiliar. You feel that you are looking upon an English peasant woman of perhaps the fifteenth century, and she seems out of place, out of touch with our times. She is one who has been overburdened by strange burdens. Even the mild-eyed placidity discernible in her countenance has its afflicting side—it is the sign of resignation to such a fate as few women experience to-day. She looks obedient and quiet and dumb, like an over-driven animal; and in that look you may read her history. For she is of the fields—one of their unvalued products; and the fields have, as it were, overlaid her humanity with an enigmatic and half-dreadful composure like their own. At sight of her the little girl of the roguish questions was startled, as well as amused; and the little girl's seniors are themselves set wondering by the question, "Does Mr. Bettesworth love Mrs. Bettesworth?" The old woman is far removed from comeliness. She seems too unlovely to be loved.

But you must not judge Dartmoor as though it were a lawn in a suburban garden, or people like the Bettesworths as though they lived for bridge and paying calls. The labors that have claimed so ruthlessly and have so cruelly marred this old woman are of another order. They rank among the great things for which our race has lived. Unrecognized, unrecorded, their place is beside our Armada conflict, our occupation of India, our mastery of the seas: viewed in the large, they are not less splendid, and they are more vener-

able than these; nor could there have been any Agincourt or Waterloo had there been no forgotten folk left at home to enforce the harvests from our English valleys. On pleasant hillsides, or by quiet-flowing rivers, taking her share in the immemorial duties of the fields, Mrs. Bettesworth has played her infinitesimal yet vital part in the doings of the English; and this must not be forgotten when considering her poor old person and the record of her life. She has a brave record, although for details of it there is little beyond surmise to go upon. One or two incidents, one or two chance allusions to her by her husband—that is all the foundation one has on which to build up an account of her life.

II.

Of her childhood and girlhood even surmise can reconstruct very little. The girl and her character are quite unknown: it is with difficulty that one may picture so much concerning her as the mere environment she lived in. For though she has never dwelt elsewhere than in this valley, much has changed here since her birth some seventy years back. There, it is true, not far from her present home, is still the cottage where she was born, scarcely, if at all, altered; and there beside it, between the old hedgerows, still slopes down the narrow lane, sunk between slanting cottage gardens on either side. Below, in the depth of the valley, is the winding stream-bed. On this bank of it, as of old, the hillside is broken off in abrupt sand-cliffs; on the other bank, beyond a cramped meadow, a meaner slope struggles upwards, not so high as to shut out the view of farther hills and of Hindhead's blue on the far southern horizon. There are all the old landmarks, but they no longer look as they did in Lucy Bettesworth's childhood. In the distance the

hills have become bearded with fir-woods; on the mean slope beyond the meadow, dwarf ugly cottages now thrust their shabby roofs against the sky-line; and—greater change than all—the surrounding common has been enclosed, and a rubbishy cultivation of the sandy soil occupies the place of the old beautiful heath and furze. To imagine the hamlet as little Lucy Harding knew it (Harding was Lucy's maiden name), much modern disorder must be forgotten. The whole long hillside, with its spurs and windings, must be thought of—as it slants towards the sunshine and the southern distance—clad with heath, except where this and similar hollows, with their cottages and gardens, gave rapid access to the stream in the depth of the valley. Down in these hollows there is shelter from the unimpeded winds that sweep overhead; yet in Lucy's young days the little hamlet must have been a rather grim place to live in for all its warmth—a place of poor soil and struggling cultivation, without trees; a place of merciless sunshine in summer and of dreary bleakness in winter; a place in which human life must needs be hardy, and would easily run to savagery.

And as it was an isolated place so it was a neglected one, where children would grow up untamed, for as yet it contained neither church nor serviceable school. The nearest civilization was a mile away, where, in the wide and fertile valley to the north of the intervening hill, there lay an old peaceful town, which, however, could not much concern itself with this tiny village. At best the town provided a little work for the folk here; but such civilization as it boasted hardly trickled out so far as to their unconsidered homes. Northwards there was this; southwards, on the slopes of Hindhead, villages approachable by mere sand-tracks across the open heaths enjoyed

an evil reputation as the haunts of lawless people. Between lawlessness and sleepy civilization—such was the position, and such too was the character, of Lucy's home.

Here, in this rugged environment, one must picture her as best one can—a little black-eyed and swarthy creature, running wild almost from the cradle. She went to school for a few months, she says, "but never to larn nothin' like." There was no church for her to go to. During a few years there would be rough games for her with other children: tumbings in the heath, scramblings and noisy romplings up and down the sand-cliffs by the stream—a healthy harum-scarum existence, unchecked and untaught. But that could not last long. At six or seven years old—hardly later—she would have to begin earning the food she ate. We may think of her at seven years old going out with her mother to her first day's work. It was the winter task of trimming swedes, and her wages began at twopence a-day.

At this point one must beware lest the imagination go astray. It were easy to be over-compassionate of the child, fancying hardships that were not felt. She had enjoyed no schooling or other contact with the refinements of life, such as village children now get, to make her harsh fate seem dreary by the contrast. And, unlike girls who become the household drudges to families of another caste, she was working with her own people at outdoor occupations she could understand. There is no need, therefore, to think of her as a little slave: she may rather be imagined a sturdy, matter-of-fact, careless creature, at worst subdued by her hard work, but not at all crushed by it.

Still more, on the other hand, one must beware of idyllicizing. To us, looking back through the years upon the quiet valley and the girl's life maturing there, there is a great temptation

to dwell upon the idyllic aspects of it. Every evening Lucy would see the cows come slowly down the valley, each to its own stall—for in those days half the cottagers kept cows, which a boy herded on the common all day. And of evenings the air would grow fragrant with the smoke of turf-fires lit for the evening meal, and the valley would look full of peace. In fact, one might soon conjure up out of the conceivable circumstances a fanciful setting for a young maid's life. Or in the seasonable change of her vocations one might find much that is poetical, recalling the hay-making and the harvest, the hop-picking and the gathering-up of potatoes on airy fields; and one would probably be justified in attributing to these employments a wholesome influence on the girl's soul. But one would almost certainly be wrong did one think of her as sentimentalizing over them in a romantic Wordsworthian way. She who was destined to become Bettesworth's wife and comrade is far more likely to have been a practical and vivacious damsel than a dreamer of poetical dreams. Besides, the social environment would discourage any such indulgence. They must have been a roughly living set—Lucy's neighbors: the men unlettered, hard-fisted, coarse of speech, not seldom fighting, often drunken, impoverished, and yet (for otherwise they would have starved) invariably habituated to the severest labor; and the women equally unlettered and hard, without reticence, openly conversant with matters which are taboo to our latter-day squeamishness. In such society Lucy would have little chance to dream, and much provocation to become an extremely practical young person.

Her own home was of the kind to develop the hard matter-of-fact side of her character. She had several sisters, and a brother a good deal younger than herself. Her father, Harding, was a

man not without affection, but wont to get so violent with drink that his wife went in fear for her life; and never at any time was he one who decently cared for his family. Thus it fell to the girls and their mother to "keep the home together." In his unsentimental way Bettesworth says of old Lucy, "She 'ave worked 'ard, no mistake. So did her mother and her sisters. Never no gals worked 'arder than them—and their mother too. They had to, to keep the home together. For 'twouldn't do to let their father 'ave no money. All he got he spent."

So one seems to see her, dark-eyed, swarthy, strong, growing up into a cheerful but grave-faced young woman, perhaps with thoughts and aspirations of her own, but these kept quietly in her own bosom. As her years increase we may allow her one dream. We may fancy her standing, some warm August evening, on the high ground above the hamlet, to look southwards across the hills and follow in thought the men—Bettesworth, perhaps, amongst them—then making their way beyond the hazy distance towards the sea, for the Sussex harvesting. Such longing day-dreams, such visions of cornfields and sea and leafy lanes as could visit one who had never seen the sea or Sussex, would lend their color to the ensuing weeks. It may be left to the sentimentalist to picture the girl's interest in the return of the harvesters to their cottages—the chilly night-time, the weariness and excitement, the tale, perhaps, of fierce adventure in crossing the wilds of Hindhead, the glitter of hard-earned, unfamiliar gold. For it is the merest surmise that this concerned Lucy, and the home-coming of the men may have meant nothing more to her than to any of her neighbors. Whether there was one particular autumn when she would be waiting for a certain harvester to come home and make her his wife, we cannot tell—it is only very

probable. Other things being equal, and in the absence of any urgency for the wedding, the period immediately after harvest or hop-picking would find young Bettesworth with a little money in his pocket for setting up house-keeping. Of one thing we may be sure, that the chance of escape from her own hard-driven and uncomfortable home would give intensity to any such hopes that the girl may have had.

III.

Her marriage released her from her old home, but otherwise it brought but little change of environment. Within a stone's-throw of her father's was the cottage to which Bettesworth took her; and for a year or two at least the old relationships amid which she had grown up remained almost unbroken. At first it is likely that she continued her field work; but if there came days—as in the winter there would come not a few—when she remained at home, she could hardly have been lonely amongst her own people. There was her mother's house across the lane; a little higher up lived now her elder sister, married to a Dorset man named Hall; the other neighbors were all old friends, if the young wife wanted a gossip. Her own cottage cannot have made great demands on her care. It was a little one-storied place of three rooms, built so closely into the side of the lane as to allow of no backdoor or even window, and from the doorway of the living-room one stepped out immediately into the lane itself. But the cramped space of the interior was for the Bettesworths more than compensated for by the sheltered sunny garden which sloped up behind the cottage. In this garden Lucy and her husband spent many happy and profitable evenings, growing wonderful onion crops, and indeed, good crops of many kinds, and most notably, tiny har-

vests of wheat—tiny, yet sufficient to secure them against absolute want should the winter be disastrous. This seems to have been the custom of the neighborhood in those days. Cottagers grew their own corn, which they got ground as they required it; and every other dwelling had its bread-oven, where the loaves could be baked. It is all excessively strange to think of now; but to Lucy Bettesworth the only part of it to which she was unaccustomed would be the new sense of proprietorship to sweeten the produce of her garden.

It was in this cottage, and during the first years of her life there, that the young wife's hopes of a family were raised and then ruined, in a disappointment whose bitterness is not yet forgotten. As often as Candlemas Day comes round, the old couple, it may be supposed, remind themselves of the grief which that day brought them many years ago,—for otherwise Bettesworth would hardly speak of the anniversary as he does. He had mentioned Candlemas Day, and being asked when precisely that day fell, he replied, "Second o' February. I got something to remember it by. That was the day my boy died. A wonderful deep snow there was then." The old man goes on to tell how he was in the town at work with his horses when his master came to him with the bad news and sent him home; but he does not tell, and we are left to imagine, how the dreary winter day had gone with his wife at home looking out at the snow and nursing her dying baby. It was "forty-four year ago," and the boy was "purty near a twal'month. But the gal wa'n't more 'n a few weeks when she died."

So speaks Bettesworth meditatively, not deigning any information as to his own emotions or his wife's on that occasion—suggesting only inadvertently, by his having something to remember

the day by, that there was any kind of trouble down in this lane on Candlemas Day, 1858. He has never spoken further of either boy or girl; and what they died of, or if Mrs. Bettesworth's field-work (as may well have happened) interfered with the proper care of her children, or if the boy's death was at all due to that "wonderful deep snow" in which the hamlet must have looked and been very desolate,—these and other particulars are little likely to be known now. On the loss of the two children Bettesworth permits himself one sole comment: "Very likely 'twas best for 'em, poor little things. They was spared all trouble in their lives." Such is the father's philosophy: one may assume, but not assert, that in time it came to be professed by the mother also. She had no more children, and perhaps it is for want of a better outlet for her affection that now in her old age she so fondly pets the cat and overfeeds the rabbit or the fowls. In her behavior towards animals one perceives an aptitude for tenderness: the reader may make of it as much or as little as he will—it is little enough—to throw light upon the emotions of Mrs. Bettesworth in that far-off time when she was a mother.

An experience of a far different kind—of a kind to harden a soul not trained to support emotion humanely—was to be lived through before the earlier conditions of Lucy's life were quite changed. The old home was so near that its wretched life was too often audible to the Bettesworths in their cottage. By now Lucy's mother was practically alone. Unless one counts the little boy Will, who did not count, she had no one to help her to face her husband Harding upon the frequent occasions when he came home drunk. The violent scenes that ensued at such times are all long since stilled: the old mother is dead, the young woman who ran to intervene has herself grown

aged and forbidding of aspect; but when old Lucy is seen standing so quietly, and the only sounds in one's own ears are the gentle sounds of country life, it may be that, for her, memories of those horrid affairs and of her mother's cries and terror sometimes disturb the tranquillity of the valley. And if even to her the old emotions have by now grown very dim, yet they can hardly have failed to have some grim and enduring effect upon her mind, matching—perhaps explaining—the creases in her withered face. I have an account of one of those squalid scenes, as well as of the tragedy that closed them all. That the quarrel here related was by no means the only one will be observed: the effect of a series of them on a young married woman must be imagined by those who have the power.

One night Bettesworth and Lucy's brother-in-law, Hall, were together in the old home, the little boy, Will, being also present. Neither of the young wives was at hand, and the mother-in-law had gone across the lane to a neighbor's, when Harding came home and asked where his wife was. Receiving no answer, he took up a candle to go into the next room in search of her—as if she were, perhaps, hiding from him. At that, Hall, scenting mischief, knocked the candle out of the drunken man's hand. Like a wild beast Harding turned, and, by a blow under the ear, felled his son-in-law to the ground. But there was Bettesworth to be reckoned with. "I was strong then," says Bettesworth. "I jumped up and took hold of 'n by the throat and lifted 'n out o' the door and chucked 'n over the hedge down into the lane. Wonder's 't hadn't broke his neck. He laid there bellerin' like a bull, and half a dozen old women come runnin' out and stopped me or I should ha' went for 'n again. I should ha' jumped the in'ards out of 'n."

The little boy Will was under the table all this time; but the wild hubbub suddenly bursting out in the dusk had attracted the neighbors—"half a dozen old women," and others. Lucy Bettesworth, of course, and her mother and sister would come running with shrill outcry. With what revengeful satisfaction the young wife may have beheld her husband's strength, or with what unavailing terror his violence, there is no record to tell. But in the passive old woman of to-day allowance must be made for the effect of these and similar emotions.

For the occasions of similar emotions were only too plentiful, the punishment having produced no lasting impression upon the man Harding. Often during the next year or two he attacked his wife, and was knocked "heels over head" by Bettesworth. When the wife's cries were heard at Bettesworth's cottage, Lucy would jump up, regardless of her man's bidding to "bide here and let me go." In which impetuosity one sees her as an active and intrepid creature. "She always flow for her mother," as Bettesworth says, and he always followed close upon her heels. "And as soon as Harding touched my missus I knocked 'n heels over head," being strong then.

All thought that some day old Harding would kill his wife. But one morning early he went into the room where the little boy Will lay asleep and "stroked his face and shook hands with him," and with that farewell came out and cut his own throat. A neighbor ran for Bettesworth, who had already gone off for his day's work at a near village. "I hadn't bin there" (it is Bettesworth's narrative) "half an hour before he come" with the news, hurrying. "'And the best thing he could do, if it's true,' I says. And I run off, shog-trottin' all across the common," to find Harding "all along the floor like a great balk o' timber," dying, if not

already dead. How Bettesworth "lifted his head up and ast 'n, 'What ye bin doin'?' and he says, 'Ugh, ugh, ugh,' 'cause that was all he was able to say"; or how the doctor arrived, while a crowd assembled, "fifty or more—'twas like a fair up here," and there was a hurrying to and fro for brandy,—these and other details only concern us, so far as they 'give vividness to an episode that cannot have failed to leave its marks scored upon Lucy Bettesworth's soul. Taking neither food nor drink, and speechless, her father lingered eight days before he died, having by then, it is likely, called into being some of that ugliness in his daughter's features which forty years later was to be the subject of a child's witticisms.

IV.

Mrs. Bettesworth would be about twenty-seven when this happened. And now, her hopes buried with her two infant children, and some at least of her distresses with her father, she would be entering upon the long uneventful and unromantic years of middle life. I call them unromantic, inasmuch as they brought her, so far as I am aware, no startling experience, no long-abiding passion or emotion to affect the remainder of her days; yet, as I think of her, it is strange with how much romantic coloring—especially of strong summer hues—it seems necessary to fill those empty years, before one can account for the old woman's singular aspect. Shadowy though she seems, a murky cobweb, unhomey, there is yet something about old Lucy—an association, a hint—which never fails to call up in the background of my consciousness pictures of fair English landscape, such as Constable might have painted; and particularly of glowing August afternoons, with the float of sunlight across hillside and leafy

lane. It is as though our choicest English weather had burned itself into the fabric of the old woman. She is a part of the magnificent land—as much a part of it as the cattle in our valleys. But why she should so particularly suggest summer to me I do not know; for she has had her share of winter too—a fuller share than most of us would care to endure. Bereaved, and perhaps despondent, she entered upon her useful life's work—the humble work, sometimes, of a beast of burden,—to emerge after many years marred, wrecked, worn out, dreadful, with the marks of parching summers and ruthless winters ineradicably branded upon her. Yet the same weather that has beaten her down must have sustained her for very long. It was an “unromantic” life, and a very hard one, to which fate had doomed Lucy Bettesworth: that it was a wretched or even an uninteresting one I never can believe.

For you may not live so close as she has lived to the meaning of the flying months, waiting upon the qualities they bring of sunlight and air, and find life dull. You will feel the significance of the seasons all day long, although you may not be conscious of it for a minute in all the day. In those slowly proceeding years each month brought to Lucy Bettesworth its own chance of earning money, its own change of open-air work, its own rich pageant of mysterious growth or ripening or decay on the country-side.

Every autumn, if possible, or in the earliest spring, there was one journeying at least to river-sides for rushes, in anticipation of the spring task of “hop-tying.” The rushes were brought home (I remember stumbling through them with wonder the first time I entered Bettesworth's cottage), and strewn on the floor, that they might be trodden into lissomness; and there they remained for weeks, as it were promising May. For then, when the hops are

“poled” and the young growth is beginning its swift ascension, women must to the plantations with their rushes, and carefully tie the new hop shoots each to its pole. It is a weary cramping task, followed day after day, and ill-paid on piece-work terms, yet not without compensations fluttering down upon the women with the spring sunshine or shower.

The hops once tied, there would be no further room for Mrs. Bettesworth in the gardens until September, when the picking commenced; but, meanwhile, other field-work would be plentiful enough. With June comes in the airy upland hay-making; that of the deep water-meadows follows it close, and before the hay is well got in there is the corn harvest beginning, in which women's work was not yet superfluous when Lucy Bettesworth was younger. And then autumn brought its own less thrilling tasks, that left the fields desolate and naked to the oncoming of winter, beginning with the potato harvest in weather still sun-softened, ending with the swede-trimming on bleak and frozen hillsides amongst the folded sheep. It would be erroneous to suppose that Mrs. Bettesworth's life at all these varied toils could have been enviable—it was a life of crushing fatigue, of stinging hardship; but to think it only hardship and fatigue would be almost equally wrong. For it is not credible that she could live thirty years in the sunlight without caring for it or without appetite for the tonic air. Be that as it may, for nearly that length of time, not counting what preceded her marriage, she was wholly of the fields. “Twenty-seven year,” says Bettesworth, “she went with me down into Sussex. The farmer used to ask after her. ‘Ave ye brought the little dark woman?’ he used to say.” That she could undertake this annual pilgrimage is evidence of her detachment from things domestic. She had no

family, and therefore nothing to keep her at home. Through those dim twenty-seven years at least, her history, whatever it may have been, must have transpired chiefly in the open air.

As a worker "the little dark woman" maintained an efficiency still remembered with respect by her husband—a competent judge. Throughout middle-life, he boasts, she was "as strong as a little donkey! See her out with the sheepfold, liftin' they great hurdles, and then go and cut up a bushel o' swedes, and out with it for 'em. Strong as any *man*! That was out here on So-and-so's farm. No mistake, she 'ave worked 'ard." She has also endured bravely. "I've knowed my wife," remarked her husband once, "since we bin married, come 'ome with daglets of ice 's big 's yer thumb hangin' from her skirts. Yes, daglets of ice." (*Can't you hear?* is implied in the old man's impatient repetition.) "That was trimmin' swedes, with men goin' in front of her to sweep the snow away from 'em. Well, *somebody* got to do it—if they didn't, th' sheep 'd starve. So there she bin, with the men sweepin' and she follerin' of 'em, purpose for to keep the sheep goin'. That was in these fields up here . . ." and Bettesworth points now to Mr. What's-his-name's farm. For the whole neighborhood has been the scene of old Lucy's labors.

Her decline from this strength was first signalized, naturally, by abandonment of the annual Sussex journey, some fifteen years ago as I estimate, and four or five years before I knew the Bettesworths. The wife's history since then has been largely a history not of doing but of ceasing to do. The harvesting was the first task to be relinquished; one of the last was the hop-tying; the last of all was the hop-pick-ing, given up about five seasons ago. Since then she has been the old woman I have described—decrepit, slow, grimy

to behold, provocative of strange thoughts to inquisitive minds.

V.

Does Bettesworth love Mrs. Bettesworth? The tale of his care of her in these latter years would take long in telling, even were I to set down the comparatively few details of it that I know. It would be a tale of patience long drawn out over the days and nights of the last decade: patience not rewarded by effusive gratitude, not supported by especial sympathy or admiration of outsiders, not animated by hope of a happier future. It argues well for the two of them that the old man, stiffened by an innate sense of honor, has not staggered under the load put upon him by his wife's infirmities.

Her age is not the worst trouble. She is epileptic as well as old; and latterly—that is, within the last six or seven years—the attacks of her disorder have been frequent and alarming. It is six summers ago that, falling in sudden seizure, she broke her arm. During convalescence her reason became unhinged: she grew secretive, hoarded food, rags of clothes, all sorts of things, even a little of Bettesworth's earnings, in odd corners of the cottage; and was absurdly jealous of the old woman who voluntarily came in to "do" for her and Bettesworth. The broken arm not progressing, Bettesworth, at his wits' end, at length arranged that his wife should be received into the infirmary at the workhouse, whence, as the doctor warned him, she would possibly have to be removed to the County Asylum. I well remember the fine summer day when the old couple, with their helpful neighbor, came to me on their way to the workhouse, that Mrs. Bettesworth might take her witless farewell. Her husband, though resolved, was tearful; but she seemed almost elated. It was a

new thing for her to be the centre of so much attention; perhaps it was a new thing to see her husband so obviously at a disadvantage. I learnt afterwards that she did not spare him on that day: she owned to no regrets at leaving him or her home, and was hoping much (as was he, too, for her sake) from the comforts of the infirmary.

I must not go into details nor picture the loneliness of the husband at this time. He paid her one visit and was satisfied; another, within the week, and returned from it aflame with indignation at the slights and callous treatment extended to his wife at the workhouse by doctor, master, matron, and the whole group of officials. The next day he was off again in a sort of dogged rage and had his wife home,—“for she’d *got* a home to come to and somebody as ‘d care for her, if they up there [at the workhouse] wouldn’t.” She came home accordingly, and has remained at home ever since.

Sometimes she is better, sometimes worse, but now never really well. Her usual condition is one of quiet, vague stupidity or misty intelligence; but every few months there are relapses, though not again into that unkindly humor which followed the breaking of her arm.

One relapse (for an example) occurred in February, 1900. Remembering Bettesworth’s hatred of the infirmary, I knew that his wife must be very bad when he resolved to apply again for her admission there. But he was at the end of his resources “I sits ponderin’ and ponderin’ for hours,” he said, “and dunno what to do for the best.” And again on the following day, “I don’t hardly know how to go on. She en’t fit to be left alone. Manys have said so to me, and I knows it. But I dunno what to do. She sits there moddled up over the fire, swayin’ herself to and fro. Got such a fearful pain in the chest, and her heart’s so bad. Then

if she tries to stand up her head’s all of a swim.”

“And her mind?” I asked.

“It’s queer, sir. She dunno what she’s at. After I got home last night, I sit down watchin’ of her for p’raps two hours, till ‘t last I couldn’t bear it no longer. I was *obliged* to git up and go outside and walk about. For an hour or more never a word passed between us.”

Accordingly, he had decided that the infirmary was the best place for her, provided that he could be assured of her receiving decent treatment there. “Not without, for she ‘ave bin a good wife in her time.” But how be sure of anything? A friend undertook to make inquiries, and laid the case before one of the guardians, who looked hopeless. “They have no conveniences for taking epilepsy cases,” he said. “If she should have a fit after her admission, they would send her off to Brookwood Asylum at once.” This being reported to Bettesworth, “Ah,” he said, “and once they gets her there, I should never get her back again, perhaps. I don’t want her to be shut up like that. She ‘ave bin a good wife.”

Baffled thus, he hesitated, and presently old Lucy got better for a time. But every few months since then there is a recurrence of the trouble. Not long ago she had five fits in one night. Bettesworth had bought spirits for her —“a little whiskey and water, that’s what I g’in her,”—which seemed at first beneficial. But near midnight “she begun kickin’ about again. ‘What be ye got up to?’ I says. Sometimes I *breaks* out at her. . . . Well, the doctor told me I should be stern. . . . But so ‘twas all night, and I didn’t dare go to sleep.”

At these times her husband can “manage her” better than any of the neighbors. “I says to ‘em, ‘You leave her alone. Let me handle her.’” But she is thick-set and heavy, “almost more’n

I can manage now, luggin' of her about." Still, he preserves his sense of what is due to her. "They keeps tellin' of me I ought to put her away [in an asylum], but I says *No*. And I sha'n't, not if I can help it. 'Tis two years now since I've had any what you can call rest with her. But they says you takes 'em for better or worse; and she's bin a good mate to me. That's why I hangs on to her. If she'd bin one o' these harum-scarum ones, then I shouldn't trouble; but she bin as good as gold to me."

Of course the life of these two together is not all trouble. Occasionally, in scraps of talk too fragmentary to be recorded, there comes stray evidence of pleasant domestic relations between the old couple. Now it will be a casual mention of how Bettesworth has washed his wife's face for her when she has been too ill to help herself, and now an allusion to some piece of gossip they have enjoyed. Once, gently upbraiding her for venturing to the town alone, where she had bought herself a new hat,—one of the inverted bowl shape,—he "chaffed" her: "If you'd told me, I'd ha' bought ye a *purty* hat—nicer 'n that one." Too obviously he would be a most desolate man without her. But whether she is as mindful as her husband of their long comradeship I have no knowledge.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Indirectly, however, there is evidence of much capacity for sentiment still alive in the withered old woman. One of her recent fits was occasioned by the pleasure of a visit, after many months, from her brother Will—a man now aging fast. "Let's see, Lou, it's your birthday, Tuesday," said Will; and she began to cry, and in another minute fell back in her chair. "You hadn't ought to ha' said that to her," observed Bettesworth; and Will replied, "Well, I shouldn't, if I'd thought she was goin' like that." Yet who, her husband excepted, could have imagined such impressionability in poor old dried-up Lucy Bettesworth?

But upon the question whether she loves Bettesworth, or is loved by him, I offer no opinion. The impression I have is derived largely from the facts I have tried to set before the reader; but the matter is one into which I do not care to pry. It concerns only the old man and his wife.

I think, though, that Bettesworth means to give her an honorable funeral. He has insured her life for four pounds ten. To quote his own words, "She'll get four pound ten, if 'tis three months after we first paid in. If she was to die now, she'd get that—or at least, I should." Evidently he means to outlive her, and to bury her decently when the time comes.

THE EVOLUTION OF AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Statute law should be well thought out, and of practical efficiency, as an instrument for good government and the furtherance of human improvement, having regard to the time and labor and skill expended upon its production. Parliament makes laws without haste or impulse, steadily, and with patience. Getting a big Government measure—like the Education Bill, for instance—

through Parliament is, indeed, a labor—delicate, difficult, and complicated—to which ability, experience, and judgment of the highest order are devoted. A Bill has to pass through no fewer than five distinct and separate stages in both Houses of Parliament before the last ceremony of all, the Royal Assent, makes it the law of the land. It has to be read the first time, and read the

second time; it has to pass through Committee, to be reported to the House, and finally read the third time. And having passed through all these five stages in the House in which it is first introduced—always the Commons in the case of large measures of legislation—it has to go through precisely the same five stages in the other House.

But it is necessary to remember that before a great Government measure is introduced at all into the House of Commons months of anxious thought are spent, first on the consideration of its principles, and next on its composition in the form of a Bill. Indeed, Parliament is generally in ignorance of what it is to be asked to sanction until the Minister has unfolded his plan of legislation in the House of Commons. An outline of its proposal is first laid in the rough before the Cabinet by the Minister, and, no doubt after much consideration and discussion, the Cabinet agrees to particular proposals in conformity with what it conceives to be its mandate from the electorate, or, more properly speaking, with the general wishes and inclinations manifested by the Party in the country.

Gladstone, in his *Diary* for December, 1868, thus describes how he prepared the skeleton plan for the disestablishment of the Irish Church:—

13th—Saw the Queen at one, and stated the case of the Irish Church. It was graciously received. 24th—At night, went to work on draft of Irish Church measure, feeling the impulse. 25th—Christmas Day. Worked much on Irish Church *abbozzo*. Finished it at night. 26th—Revised the Irish Church draft and sent it to be copied with notes.

Next came the Cabinet stage:

Feb. 8, 1869—Cabinet on the heads of Irish Church Bill. 9th—Cabinet. We completed the heads of the Irish Church measure to my great satisfaction.

Then comes the work of embodying in a Bill of the prescribed form, divided into many clauses, which again are sub-divided into sections, the principles agreed upon by the Cabinet. This is done by Government draughtsmen, who are eminent lawyers, adepts in the use of the legal verbiage—curious and quaint and circumlocutory—which custom ordains must be employed in Acts of Parliament, and which the lay mind often finds so difficult to understand and the legal sometimes interprets in various senses.

Before a Bill can be introduced in the House of Commons leave must be asked and obtained. A notice to the following effect appears on the "Orders of the Day"—or the daily agenda of the proceedings in the House:

Mr. Birrell.—Bill to make further provision with respect to education in England and Wales.

What is to be done has been settled outside the House in the Cabinet. Not only have the principles of the measure been determined, but its very details have been elaborated. All that now remains is to inform the House of Commons what exactly it is to be invited to sanction. On the appointed day accordingly the Minister moves his motion for leave to introduce the Bill, which he accompanies with a long speech explanatory of the Bill's provisions. It is sometimes said that this really means the transfer of the power of legislation from the House of Commons to the Cabinet; that the House, in fact, is simply a sort of automatic machine for registering the edicts of the Ministry. But what other procedure is possible? The House itself cannot draw up the Bill. That can only be done by the Minister, aided by the trained and experienced officials of his Department, who are practically acquainted with all the conditions of the situation. In such hasty criticisms the

important fact is also forgotten that these Bills, though prepared by the Cabinet, are framed in accordance with the political views of the majority in the House of Commons.

In the case of an important measure which arouses Party feeling, the Opposition at once states its objection to the Bill's contentious principles; but it is customary to allow the motion for leave to introduce the Bill to pass unchallenged by a division. The Bill is printed and circulated only after it has been read the first time, and, of course, until its provisions are fully before the House no determination can properly be come to by the Opposition as to the action to be taken in regard to it. Therefore the usage of allowing a Bill to be introduced unchallenged is rarely departed from, and only when in the opinion of some section of the House grave and urgent reasons exist for fighting it even from the first.

Leave having been given unanimously, or carried on a division, the Minister brings in the Bill. It is a very short and simple ceremony. The Minister goes down to the Bar, and walking up the floor to the table, amid the welcoming cheers of his supporters, hands the Clerk what purports to be a copy of the Bill. It is but a dummy copy, usually a folded sheet of paper with the title of the Bill written upon it. Indeed, I have occasionally seen a Minister, on obtaining leave to introduce a Bill, pick up from the table the nearest sheet of notepaper to hand, and while the House rang loud and long with the applause of his Party solemnly hand the Clerk that piece of virgin paper as a copy of the great measure.

It is on the motion for the second reading of the Bill that the battle over its proposals really begins. There is a long debate—its length being determined by the importance or contentious nature of the measure—in the course of

which the principles of the Bill are attacked by the Opposition, and defended by the Ministers and their supporters, on broad and general lines. A hostile amendment is moved. Sometimes it is declaratory of the chief objections to the Bill. Sometimes it runs simply—"That this Bill be read the second time this day six months," which, in a roundabout way, amounts to a motion for its rejection. The debate is closed by a trial of strength between the supporters and opponents of the Bill in the division lobbies, and if the motion for the second reading be carried—a foregone conclusion in the case of a Government measure—the principles of the Bill, generally, are supposed to have received the approval of the House.

Then comes the most important stage of all, and the most critical—the Committee stage, during which the proposals of the Bill are considered, separately and in detail, and efforts made to amend them or reject them. But, occasionally, "instructions to the Committee" are found standing in the way of the House getting into Committee on the Bill. Fourteen instructions, for instance, were put on "the paper" in the case of the Home Rule Bill of 1893. The Committee on a Bill have general powers to make such amendments as they think fit, provided they are relevant to the subject-matter of the Bill. The purpose of an "instruction" to the Committee is to enable them to amend or alter the Bill in certain particulars which they would have authority to do under their general powers. In other words, the object of an "instruction" usually is to empower the Committee to extend or limit the scope of the Bill in a way not contemplated by its authors, and hostile to the purpose they have in view. For instance, one of the "instructions" to the Committee on the Home Rule Bill aimed at a contemporaneous settlement of the Irish land

question; and another proposed that there should also be a redistribution of seats. But Mr. Speaker Peel, by a stroke of authority, unique for its sweeping character perhaps in the history of the Chair, which in a House governed by precedent has had the effect of enormously increasing the power of the Speaker, declared that, with one exception, the whole of the "instructions" were out of order. It must not, however, be supposed that if the Speaker had ruled otherwise the "instructions" would have been adopted, and that a land measure, and a reform measure—to say nothing of the aims of the other eleven "instructions"—would have been included in the scope of the Home Rule Bill of 1893. If an "instruction" is in order it is moved and debated like other motions, and its fate—which is, generally, rejection—is decided in the division lobbies.

The House goes into Committee on a Bill simply enough. The Clerk reads the title of the Bill—"The Education (England and Wales) Bill—Committee." "The question is that I do now leave the chair," says the Speaker. "As many as are of that opinion will say 'Aye'; the contrary, 'No.' I think the 'Ayes' have it." As his declaration is allowed to pass unchallenged, he adds, positively, "The 'Ayes' have it," and forthwith steps down from the Chair and quits the chamber. The Sergeant-at-Arms, who sits in a big chair at the Bar, walks up the floor, lifts the mace from the table, and places it out of sight beneath. The Chairman of Committees takes his seat at the table, not in the Speaker's high chair, but in the low chair of the principal Clerk.

The House is now in Committee. It is, in fact, the House without the Speaker. Members are provided with copies of the Bill, and a separate paper containing the amendments which have been handed in, days before, to the clerks. The amendment paper, as it is

called, is divided into sections, each opening with a clause of the Bill in regular order, and containing all the amendments put down to that clause. If the Bill be very contentious, the amendment paper is a document of many pages. It is at this stage that the direct influence of the House at large on the legislative proposals of the Government is brought into operation. In the first instance the House must necessarily allow the Cabinet to draw up the Bill, with the assistance of the departmental officials, trained to the task by experience and study, in accordance with the political principles of the majority. Now comes the opportunity of the House to express its view, and opinions of the proposals of the Bill in detail, and to make suggestions for their improvement.

The first amendment considered is, of course, the first amendment put down to Clause 1. It is moved by the member in whose name it stands on the paper. A reply on behalf of the Government is given by the Minister in charge of the Bill. He may accept the amendment, but he generally opposes it. At any rate, there follows a discussion on the proposal, the fate of which is usually decided by a division. So the amendments to a clause are dealt with in regular order as they appear on the paper. For some time the amendment paper shows no appreciable sign of diminution, as fresh amendments may be put down at any period of the Committee stage to any clause of the Bill not yet considered. As a consequence, the printing bill which the taxpayers have to meet is swelled enormously. While a Bill is in Committee the amendments to it are reprinted every night and distributed in the morning, with other Parliamentary papers, to Members of the House of Commons.

It is customary for big controversial measures to occupy a month or two

in Committee. Such Bills are discussed, not only clause by clause, but word by word. A member can speak but once on any question when the House is sitting. He may speak as many times as he pleases on any question in Committee. In fact, debate on an amendment may be protracted to any length, according to the number and volubility of Members who desire to talk on it, if the Minister in charge of the Bill does not lose patience and bring the discussion to an end by moving the closure. Debate in Committee of the whole House is much more businesslike than debate in the House with the Speaker in the Chair. There is, occasionally, a set debate on an important amendment—a "field night"—on which all the oratorical forces of each Party are brought into action; but, as a rule, in Committee, Members talk in a conversational fashion, and argue the points in brief pointed speeches.

The Bill, as I have said, is considered clause by clause. When all the amendments to a clause have been disposed of, the Chairman puts the question—"Clause 1" or "Clause 20" (as the case may be) "the question is that 'this clause stand part of the Bill,'" or, if it has undergone alteration, "that this clause as amended stand part of the Bill," and on that question the principle of the clause may be again debated, no matter how minutely it may have been discussed, as amendment after amendment was moved to the clause. A Bill is not rejected in Committee. If, however, a vital principle of a Bill is successfully attacked, or, if an important clause is rejected, the Bill is not only dropped, but the Administration, on whom a vote of censure has, in fact, been indirectly passed, resigns—thus throwing upon the Opposition the responsibility of carrying on the Government—or appeals to the country to decide the issue in a General Election.

Nevertheless, a Bill occasionally undergoes substantial alteration or expansion in Committee without bringing disaster to the Government. The Minister in charge puts down many amendments with a view to removing defects in the measure from his point of view, and these, of course, are carried. Modifications proposed by followers of the Government are also often accepted. Moreover, there are compromises designed to gain support for the Ministry by satisfying the claims of important minorities, or to disarm or appease the Opposition, but leaving unaffected the main principle of the measure. All the ability of the House—its practical experience, its acquired knowledge—are brought to bear on the improvement of a big Bill in Committee, and when at last that stage is concluded, when the Chairman puts the question, "That I report this Bill with amendments to the House," and it is agreed to, there has been fashioned as good a piece of legislative workmanship as is possible for the trained intelligence of the Legislature to effect, working under the limitations of the Party system.

The House of Commons recognized in 1882 that it is impossible for it to do itself, and within its own Chamber, the vast amount of legislative work, which, owing to the ever widening extension in all directions of the operations of Government it is now called upon to perform. It decided, therefore, to delegate some of its functions to Committees or sections of itself. It appointed two Standing Committees for the consideration of all Bills relating to law and to trade. These Committees are respectively known as the "Grand Committee on Law Bills," and the "Grand Committee on Trade Bills." This devolution of work has proved one of the most valuable reforms ever introduced into our Parliamentary procedure. Each Standing Committee consists of

sixty-eight Members, and is intended to be a sort of microcosm of the whole House, having upon it a proportional representation of the various parties, interests or classes in the Assembly. The Members are nominated by the Committee of Selection—a small body of the oldest and most experienced men in the House, appointed for this special purpose, who are guided by the principle of having all parties and all sections of opinion in the House fairly represented on these Grand Committees. The Committee of Selection also add to the Grand Committee, as specialists, fifteen Members who are conversant with the subject of the particular Bill which has been sent to it for consideration.

Accordingly, when a Bill dealing with questions of law or with trade matters has been introduced in the House of Commons, in the way already described, and is read the first time, and the second time, it is committed to the Standing Committee on law or on trade, as the case may be. Each Standing Committee sits, with a Chairman, in one of the Committee-rooms upstairs, from 12 o'clock until the hour the House meets, on alternate days, until its labors are over. Twenty members form a quorum. Clause after clause is considered, amended, rejected, or adopted, exactly as in the case of a Bill before a Committee of the whole House. These Standing Committees impose a heavy additional strain upon the Members who are nominated to serve on them. But the burden is, as a rule, cheerfully borne. Many a Member of talent and business capacity, who, probably because of the lack of a glib, eloquent tongue, has failed to make himself a prominent figure on the larger stage of the House, transfers his ambition for distinction to the rather obscure shades of the Committee-rooms. The reporters are admitted to the meetings of the Standing Committees, but

the newspapers allot to the discussions not a tithe of the space which they would devote to the same Bills before the Committee of the House; and no record of the proceedings is taken by shorthand writers for the Parliamentary Debates (as "Hansard" is now known), although similar proceedings on identical Bills in the Committee of the whole House are fully reported. But, notwithstanding the absence of this incentive of publicity to devotion to duty—or perhaps, as some should say, because of its absence—the details of Bills so referred to Standing Committees are carefully considered, the discussions are brief and to the point, and, as a rule, the Acts of Parliament which go through this ordeal will bear favorable comparison, as regards freedom from blots and contradictions, with the statutes that have passed through the Committee of the whole House.

When a Bill has emerged triumphantly from the Committee stage the worst of its troubles are over, in the House of Commons at least. The Speaker is sent for—if the Committee be one of the whole House—the mace is again placed upon the table and the House resumes. The Chairman of Committees, standing by the Chair with a copy of the Bill in his hand, reports to the Speaker that the measure has passed through Committee. If a Bill be reported to the House without amendment it may be read a third time forthwith, and its career in the House of Commons is thus brought to a termination. But as that never happens in the case of a big Government measure, a day is fixed for the fourth stage of a Bill, known as "the report stage," and the Bill is reprinted if it has been at all amended in Committee.

On the report stage amendments may again be moved to the clauses of the Bill, or new clauses may be proposed, or the Bill may even be recommitted to the Committee again, if it has been

found that matters which can only be properly dealt with in that stage have been overlooked. However, the report stage is usually brief, the amendments being generally confined to points that have not been dealt with in Committee. It must be added, however, that in the case of a controversial Bill which has been referred to one or other of the Standing Committees the deliberations upstairs have little restraining influence on the same questions being debated at length in the House on the report stage. Then comes the fifth and last stage of the Bill—"the third reading." There is a set debate in which the principles of the Bill are attacked and defended, as at the second reading stage. But the Bill cannot now be altered in any way. It must be either adopted or rejected, and that question is decided by a division. Of course, it is read the third time. The defeat of a Bill on its third reading in the House of Commons is an exceedingly rare occurrence.

The Bill then goes to the House of Lords. It was the custom formerly for the Minister in charge of a Bill which passed the Commons to bring it up to the Lords. The second Reform Bill was brought up to the Lords on September 22, 1831, by Lord John Russell, who had conducted it through the Commons, and Lord Althorp, the Leader of the House. The Ministers were accompanied by close on two hundred Whig Members, who assembled at the Bar of the House of Lords, and burst into loud cheers when Lord John Russell handed the Bill to Lord Chancellor Brougham. But a different procedure is now followed. The Clerk of the House of Commons brings the Bill to the Bar of the House of Lords, where he hands it over to the Clerk of the Parliaments. "A message from the Commons," says the Clerk of the Parliaments, "desiring your lordships' concurrence in the first reading of the Education Bill." The Bill is then read

the first time; and is again reprinted for distribution among the Peers.

The Commons, by insisting that all great measures should be initiated and moulded by them, and then sent to the House of Lords, would seem tacitly to acknowledge that the proper function of the Peers is to amend and revise the legislation of the House of Commons. But, as a rule, these Bills reach the Lords under conditions which afford insufficient time for due deliberation and revision. For months the Lords are comparatively inactive. In the earlier part of the Session, having no work to do, they sit, day after day, scarcely long enough to boil an egg. Then towards the end of the Session, in the hot days of July and August, the Bills come tumbling up in crowds from the Commons. In 1905 a most instructive return was prepared in the House of Lords showing (1) the dates upon which Bills mentioned in the Speeches from the Throne during the last Parliament were introduced into the House of Commons; and (2) the dates when such Bills were transmitted to the Lords. In 1901 the Factory and Workshop Bill, presented to the House of Commons on March 28, did not reach the Lords till August 14, the same date as the Youthful Offenders' Bill, introduced in the House of Commons on June 20. In 1902 the Licensing Bill, submitted to the Commons on January 30, was not read a first time in the Lords until July, while the autumn sitting, which was held that year, had begun before the London Water Bill, the Patent Law Amendment Bill, and the Education Bill, presented in January, February, and March respectively, reached the Peers. In 1903 the Peers had to wait until the month of July was nearly ended before they could deal with the great Irish Land Bill and the London Education Bill, introduced in the Commons in March and April respectively. In 1904 the Licensing Bill, presented to

the Commons on April 20, was sent up to the Lords on July 29, while the Education (Local Authority Default) Bill and the Shop Hours Bill, both of which originated in the Commons on April 26, were respectively received by the Lords on August 10 and August 11. Yet a Bill in the House of Lords has to pass through the same identical five stages again, as in the Commons. The Lords may agree with the Commons in the principles of the measure by reading it a second time, and yet may alter it substantially in matters of detail during the Committee stage. But, however trivial the alteration may be, the Bill, after it has passed the third reading in the Lords, comes back again to the other House for the consent of the Commons to the Peers' amendments. The Commons may agree or may not agree with the Lords in their amendments. If they agree, well and good. If they refuse to agree, the Lords' amendments are struck out and the Bill is sent back to "the other place" (as the House of Lords is called in the House of Commons) in its original form. Should both Houses remain inflexible the Bill is dropped, at least for the Session, and the dispute is referred to the electorate, in whom the ultimate controlling power is vested. It is on compromise, however, that the smooth working of the Constitution depends, and usually a compromise smooths, in the end, the differences between the two Houses. The Bill accordingly is passed, and remains with the Lords for the Royal Assent which it must receive in order to acquire validity.

Such is the long and elaborate process by which a Bill passes through both Houses towards its transformation into an Act of Parliament by the Royal Assent. Nevertheless, a Bill may pass through all its stages in both Houses of Parliament and receive the Royal Assent in the course of a single day.

Such rapid law-making is secured by the suspension of the Standing Orders of both Houses which regulate procedure in regard to Bills. It is resorted to only in a national crisis. The Bill for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland during the Fenian troubles in 1866, and the Explosive Bill during the dynamite scare in 1883, were each passed in a single day. The Standing Orders are also suspended by common agreement towards the end of a Session, in order to wind up business quickly. Owing to the facilities afforded by the telegraph and special trains for rapid communication the Royal Assent is often given by Commission at the end of the Session to measures within two hours of the third reading by the Lords. The King, say, is at Windsor. The Commission, containing the titles of all the Bills to which agreement by both Houses is expected has been despatched to his Majesty. On the day of prorogation a telegram that the Bills have passed through all their stages is sent to the King, and he forthwith sends a messenger by special train to London with the Letters Patent, authorizing the giving of the Royal Assent by Commission.

The most curious, and certainly the most picturesque, scene to be witnessed at St. Stephen's in connection with the evolution of an Act of Parliament, is the announcement in the House of Lords of the Royal Assent. In theory, it is from the King all legislation proceeds. Parliament but agrees. All statutes open with what is called "the enacting clause," which is as follows:

Be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal and Commons, and by the authority of the same.

In practice, however, the power of the Crown in regard to legislation has never, since the reign of Henry VI.,

been more than a right to express assent or dissent to Bills which have passed both Houses of Parliament. This right, according to the theory of the Constitution, still exists. Therefore, before any Bill which has passed both Houses of Parliament is declared to be the law of the land it must be presented to the King and receive the Royal Assent. But Bills are not now laid before the Sovereign that he may exercise his independent judgment upon them, rejecting some and approving others as he thinks fit. The "veto" of the Sovereign to reject Bills according to the bias of his own personal views has completely lapsed. He could not personally say "nay" to any of them. He is bound, of course, to act on the advice of his Ministers. Yet according to the theory of the Constitution it still exists unimpaired in all its pristine force. The fiction, however, has its uses. Just as the assent of the Crown is really the assent of the Ministers, by whom the Bills have been introduced, so the veto of the Crown is really the veto of the Ministers. It affords to Ministers the opportunity of dropping a Bill, even after it has passed beyond the control of both Houses of Parliament. If it were found desirable at the twelfth hour not to place a Bill on the Statute Book, the Sovereign need only say "Nay," on the advice of the Ministers, and the measure would be as dead as if it had been rejected on a division in the House of Commons or the House of Lords.

Even in the days of George III., who endeavored to rule as well as to reign, the giving of the Royal Assent was but a matter of form. Lord Eldon has told the story of his visit as Lord Chancellor to Kew to obtain the assent of George III. to certain measures. He was reading a list of the titles of the Bills and explaining briefly their provisions, when the King interrupting him said, "You are not acting correctly. You should do

one of two things: either bring me down the Bills for my perusal, or say as Thurlow once said to me on a like occasion. Having read several of the Bills, Thurlow stopped and said to me, 'It is all damned nonsense trying to make you understand them, and you had better consent to them at once.'"

What really happens now is that, when a number of Bills await the Royal Assent in the House of Lords, their titles are submitted to the King by the Clerk of the Crown, and are set forth in the Letters Patent, signed by the King and issued under the Great Seal, appointing a Royal Commission, consisting of five peers, to go through the strange and picturesque ceremony of approving these Bills on behalf of his Majesty. Then the House of Lords meets for the ceremony. The five Lords Commissioners are seen in scarlet robes and three-cornered hats, all in a row, on a bench beneath the imposing Throne. In front of them is the scarlet Woolsack—like a comfortable well-padded lounge—on which rests the glittering Mace and the embroidered sash which is supposed to hold the Great Seal. The centre figure is the Lord Chancellor. At a nod from him "Black Rod," the messenger of the Lords, goes to the Lower Chamber to summon the Commons, as both Houses must be present at the ceremony, and in a few minutes he returns with Mr. Speaker, attended by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and followed by a crowd of Members who congregate at the Bar or overflow into their galleries. The Lords Commissioners retain their seats when the Speaker and the Commons appear at the Bar, but they raise their hats in acknowledgment of the profound bow of the First Commoner. The Reading Clerk at the table gabbles through the Royal Commission, a long proclamation engrossed on parchment, in which is set forth, with much circumlocution, in the name of the King, that his Majesty has

appointed "our most trusted and well-beloved councillor" the Lord Chancellor, and "our most dear cousins and councillors," or "our well-beloved and faithful councillors," naming the other Commissioners—each peer doffing his hat at the mention of his name and title—to signify the Royal Assent by Commission to Bills. Then the Clerk of the Crown and the Clerk of the Parliaments take up positions, one on each side of the table. The Clerk of the Crown, standing on the Opposition side with a list of the Bills awaiting the Royal Assent, bows to the Commissioners and reads the title of the first Bill on his list. The Clerk of the Parliaments, standing on the Government side, then discharges his important duties in the ceremony. He first bows to the Commissioners, then turns and bows to Mr. Speaker and the Commons at the Bar, and declares to them the Royal Assent in the Norman French phrase, "*Le roy le veult*," or "The King wills it." The Bill has been transformed into an Act of Parliament. The Clerk of the Crown again bows to the Commissioners, reads the title of another Bill, bows once more, and again the Clerk of the Parliament bows first to the Commissioners, then to the Commons, and again declares "*Le roy le veult*." And so on till the list of Bills is exhausted.

There is, however, a change made now and then in the form of words in which the Clerk of the Parliaments announces the Royal Assent. If the measure be a private Bill, such as a Bill empowering a gas, or water, or railway company to extend its operations, he says: "*Soit fait comme il est desire*"; or should the Bill be one for granting subsidies to the Crown, he says: "*Le roy remercie ses bon sujets, accepte leur benevolence, et ainsi le veult*."

If the Sovereign thought fit to refuse assent to a Bill—not because its provi-

sions were repugnant to him personally, but because he was advised to do so by his Ministers—the Clerk would declare it in the mild fashion of "*Le roy avisera*," or "the King will consider it." But not since 1707, when Queen Anne withheld her approval of a "Bill for the Militia of that part of Great Britain called Scotland," has this power of rejection been exercised by the Sovereign personally.

The use of Norman-French in this ceremony is a survival of the days long, long ago, when the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland was supposed to be the ruler also of France. The year 1707, in which, as we have seen, the Royal prerogative of refusing assent to a Bill was last exercised, was also remarkable for an attempt to establish by legislation the giving of the Royal Assent to Bills in the English tongue—the tongue in which Oliver Cromwell gave his assent to Bills passed during the Commonwealth. A Bill with that object in view was introduced in the House of Lords, passed through all its stages in that Chamber, and had reached its second reading in the House of Commons, when a dissolution of Parliament terminated its career. Curiously enough no attempt was ever afterwards made to revive it.

An Act comes into operation the moment the Royal Assent has been given, unless some time for the commencement of its operation is provided in the measure itself, which is usually the case; and accordingly the Clerk of the Parliaments is required to endorse on every Act, immediately after its title, the day, the month, and the year the Royal Assent was given to it.

Acts of Parliament are not proclaimed or promulgated in any way. They are printed "by authority" by the King's printers—which ensures their acceptance as correct in every court of justice. Two copies are specially printed on vellum. One is for preservation in

the Rolls of Parliament, deposited in the Victoria Tower, and is regarded as the official copy. The other is sent to the Record Office. But that is all that is done in the way of bringing Acts of Parliament under the notice of the King's subjects. Nevertheless, all subjects are bound to take note of the law. A violation of a statute is not extenuated by a plea of ignorance. The whole nation is, in strict constitutional

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theory, present within the walls of the Palace of Westminster when the Estates of the Realm are engaged in the making of legislation. Therefore, an Act of Parliament requires no public notification in the country. In practice, of course, a subject finds it difficult to obtain entrance as a spectator to the Houses of Parliament; but of that little detail the Constitution takes no count.

Michael MacDonagh.

THE LIFE OF ALFRED AINGER

Probably it was with "mixed feelings" that Canon Ainger's friends first learned of the proposal to write his life; for it was a life lived, as he himself phrased it, in a backwater, out of the main stream of events, with no incidents but its books, read or written, its public and domestic pieties, and its friendships. A sketch, tenderly reminiscent, had been drawn by a life-long friend, the Master of Peterhouse, in the pages of *Macmillan*; and this had been supplemented by two brilliant studies of his social personality from the sympathetic pencil of Miss Edith Sichel. With these various impressions it might have been possible to rest content, leaving his pictures of other men, Lamb and Hood, with whom he had not a little in common, to be his own best memorial. However, it was thought right to attempt a more formal biography, and Miss Sichel undertook the task, and the result is before us.¹

The first thing that strikes one about the portrait is the pains that have been spent upon it. It is less brilliantly effective than Miss Sichel's first sketches; but there is continuous evidence of research, and of the attempt to be just, especially to qualities less sympathetic to the artist than the social gifts

which at first so strongly attracted her. In the next place I should like to express my conviction that the portrait is, in the main, a true one. Artists know by experience that, when people are shown portraits of their friends, their first comments are not in the key of praise. All Ainger's friends will probably make their *distinguos* here and there. But having done so, they will probably also agree that the picture could not, on the whole, have been better done. Here is a general sketch:

It was part of his charm that he contrived to unite so many paradoxes; mercurial and formal, fantastic and imbued with sharp common sense; he was a strange mixture of Ariel and of an eighteenth-century divine. Charitable he was more than most men, and almost as prejudiced as he was charitable; full of deep Christian humility, yet with such an eye for folly that his tongue often dealt in mordant satire. A lover of the obvious, but so fastidious that he sometimes seemed capricious or unjust; dependent on good company, and also a creature of moods, of formidable silences which none could break, till some chance word that took his fancy changed the weather, and the sun burst forth again.

Allowing something for style, that strikes me as a true description. But I think the reconciliation of the para-

¹ "The Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger." By Edith Sichel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

doxes lay in the essential simplicity and childlikeness of the nature. There is nothing so paradoxical as a child, if its actions are judged by the light of pure reason and not as the expressions of the temperament from which they proceed. Ainger had all a child's dependence upon surroundings and responsiveness to affection; not a little of its freakishness, and moodiness, and mercurial sensitiveness to spiritual weather; he had also a child's wholeheartedness in its likes and dislikes, and something of a child's frankness in giving expression to them; and at the centre he had a child's faith in goodness. It is not inconsistent with this to say, as was said of him in Cambridge days, that he was a "born man of the world." His manners in society were marked by a certain free formality and engaging candor, entirely unself-conscious, as of one who was prepared to be interested in the people he might meet; a refreshing contrast to a not unfamiliar type of literary lion who enters company with the air of a superior person who expects to be bored. Especially in this unself-consciousness and interest in his neighbors was he a contrast to most men who have histrionic talent. I remember once asking a Benchet of one of the Temples, now dead, whether he had ever seen Ainger act; and he replied, "I never saw him do anything else." The epigram, a reminiscence of Lamb's repartee to Coleridge, was probably irresistible, but it struck me at the time, apart from its cruelty, as one of the stupidest judgments I had ever come across; and experience only confirmed me in my opinion. Ainger was less preoccupied with himself than any other public man I knew, partly from his genuine interest in other people, partly from his habit framed in solitude of turning over in his memory the fine literature with which it was stored. When one met him on his regular journey from

the Temple to the Athenæum it was possible to tell from the movement of his lips or the toss of his hand that he was busy with some favorite passage, or possibly maturing some *bon mot*. It is not a little interesting to find him recommending to actors, as a cure for the besetting foible of their profession, the practice of going into ordinary society and taking "a friendly and wholesome part in the common interests of the world." The times when he thought of his dignity were occasions when he considered it attacked, as when foolish hostesses, who knew his powers, tried to get him to exhibit them for the entertainment of their company. He was extremely resentful when some good-natured friend mentioned his histrionic gifts at a dinner at which the King, then Prince of Wales, was present. He thought, and with good reason, that a Chaplain to the Queen should not be represented in an undignified light before the heir to the throne. He was fond of the observation that the world prefers to label a man according to his lowest title to distinction, especially if that title be jocular and his profession a serious one.

But I am forgetting Miss Sichel, which is, perhaps, the greatest compliment a reader of her book can pay her. I should like, all the same, to remark upon the skill with which she has woven into her narrative, especially in the early chapters where she could not speak from personal knowledge, the reminiscences of this and another friend, instead of leaving them, after the fashion of some modern biographers, side by side, in great slabs, like a series of cemetery monuments. Biographical details are kept in due subordination to their relevancy to character. The portrait of Ainger's father, architect of the old University College Hospital, shows us whence the son inherited the twinkle in the eyes and the

humorous mouth; while the two delightful photographs of Ainger himself, one labelled "in youth," the other "at eighteen years of age" (though they seem to present him in the same suit of clothes), give us the other side of his character, the thoughtful boy in process of being shaped into the devoted minister of the Gospel by the sermons of Frederick Maurice at Lincoln's Inn Chapel. After spending some years at a private school Ainger attended classes at King's College, London, where he made Maurice's acquaintance and fell under his spell; the other formative influence he found there, to which he was never tired of making acknowledgment, was that of Professor Brewer. There, too, he laid the foundations of several lifelong friendships; with Mr. Horace Smith, poet and magistrate; Mr. R. C. Browne, best known for his edition of *Milton*; and (though the biographer does not record the fact) with the present Dean of Canterbury. From King's College Ainger went to Trinity Hall, where he read first mathematics, and then law; but his letters show that his real interests lay then, where they remained always, in religion and literature. After his ordination he spent four years as curate at Alrewas in Staffordshire, then he became an assistant master at the Collegiate School, Sheffield; finally, in 1866, exchanging the post for the Readership at the Temple Church, which he held for twenty-six years, when he retired, and after a brief interval succeeded Dr. Vaughan as Master.

To most Londoners of the last generation, Ainger and the Temple were inseparable terms. He seemed an incarnation of the *genius loci*. And the natural congruity between the two was increased by Ainger's devotion to the memory of Charles Lamb, who, so far as the reading public was concerned, was more identified with the historic walks and buildings than any Bench-

er of the two honorable societies who ever lived. And certainly there was much in the associations of the place, and much more in the services of the Church, characteristically "Church of England," and by good fortune served by organists of genius, which appealed to his taste and affection. But his friends knew that the pre-established harmony which outsiders found so convincing did not appeal so strongly to himself. One or two letters published in this volume even name the post that represented the haven of his ambition. It was a Canonry at Westminster! The discovery is to me, naturally, not a little pathetic, and also not a little amusing, as I for long had cherished a similar sentiment about the Mastership of the Temple. If it is asked what it was in his position at the Temple that was unsatisfactory to him, the answer would be that there were several things. For one he had been there twenty-six years as Reader before Lord Rosebery offered him the Mastership; and everybody is the better for an occasional shift. Then, little as he cared for the exercise of authority, it irked him that he had no voice at all in the arrangement of the services. He was there by the authority of the Crown, but by the sufferance of the Benchers, and under the circumstances, the title of Master, *i.e.* Warden, did not please him, and he would never use it. Then, again, he came to realize that some of the members found his sermons too much of an essay, and lacking in unction, as compared with his predecessor's, while some of the younger men vexed him by pressing for services on week-days, which, when he had made the necessary arrangements, they did not attend. Others again resented the three months' residence at Bristol to which his Canonry obliged him. There were drawbacks, as it happened, even to that piece of preferment, much as he valued and enjoyed it; and enjoyed

the friendship of the warm-hearted people there; for the climate suited him ill, and as the old canon's houses in the cathedral close have long ago made way for business premises, a resident has to spend most of his morning and afternoon in walking down from Clifton to the Cathedral services and back again. I think it right to mention these things, because as the biography prints one or two letters expressing the wish for a change of position, and does not explain why Ainger desired the change, the impression might be conveyed that he was of a dissatisfied temper.

The Canonry at Bristol came to him in the Jubilee year 1887, when he was fifty; two years previously Glasgow had awarded him an honorary LL.D.; and in 1892 his "picture" appeared in *Van-ity Fair*, which is perhaps the blue ribbon in England of general distinction. After being caricatured, a literary man, who is already a member of the Athenæum, has nothing left to hope for in the way of recognition—nor has a popular preacher, who has already been "selected" to preach before his University. Ainger had received both these tributes. In 1889 he lectured for the first time at the Royal Institution, a distinction which he enjoyed as much as any that came to him. And, indeed, it would be true to say that he excelled as a lecturer more than as a preacher, because he felt freer to bring more of his personality into play. About the substance of his lectures Miss Sichel speaks with a great effort to be fair. They have been recently criticized, in their published form, by almost every newspaper in England, so that I need say nothing about them here. I am relieved to find, from letters that Miss Sichel gives, that Ainger himself contemplated publishing them. Perhaps I may explain here, what I could not explain in the preface to the collected essays without indiscretion,

why the paper on "The New Hamlet"—i.e., Irving's Hamlet—was omitted. I had edited it with the necessary freedom, and it was already printed in the volume, when it was discovered that Sir Henry Irving, with a wise prescience, had secured from a member of the publishing firm the promise that it should not be reprinted. I had some correspondence about it with Sir Henry Irving and tried to get him to consent to a still further castigation of the article, which I wished to preserve for the sake of its study of the character, even more than for its criticism of the actor. Quite naturally and justifiably Sir Henry preferred to stand upon the promise made to him, and as he had a recollection that Ainger had told him he was ashamed of the article, I had no choice but to withdraw it. In the event, before the volume appeared, Sir Henry Irving had died and been laid to rest in the Abbey.

Two chapters in Miss Sichel's book that are likely to receive a good deal of attention in the evening newspapers are those on Ainger's humor and on his relations with Du Maurier. From the latter the reader discovers how much of his enjoyment of *Punch* in what Miss Sichel, a little unkindly calls "its palmy days," was due to the regular supply of material furnished by the literary man to the artist. In the former chapter the biographer has done her best to break the effect of a mere catalogue of *bon mots* by relating Ainger's humor to other qualities in him, and pointing out how he used his wit to convey serious criticism. The plea that "among the many sayings of Canon Ainger we cannot recall one which is unkind" seems to require some modification in face of the lines on the late Mr. Haweis's baby quoted on the opposite page. The nonsense verses that follow on the person "who couldn't read Crockett's Cleg Kelly" were not Ainger's but Mr. E. V. Lucas's. They took

Ainger's fancy as chiming in with his own taste in novelists, and I remember his quoting them with gusto one day at a dinner party at which there had been previously some talk about recent and unnecessary editions of Charles Lamb. It was irresistible to tell him that their writer was one of the "unnecessary" editors in question. Mr. Lucas will perhaps forgive me if I record Ainger's reply to this unexpected piece of information: "Well, I should be glad to make his acquaintance; we must have much in common beside friends; whether I think his edition of Lamb necessary or not he always speaks of me in it like a gentleman." Ainger's verse epigrams, the taste for which he imbibed in youth from the study of *Elegant Extracts*, are certainly spoilt for modern taste by his fondness for puns. His standard epigram was the famous one on a predecessor of his at the Temple:

As Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat
The waterman ask'd him which way he would float;
"Which way?" says the doctor; "why, fool, with the stream."

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To Paul's or to Lambeth—'twas all one to him.

But I do not recall one of his own so purely witty without the admixture of a pun. The following, on his appointment to Bristol, are perhaps the best:

Ainger's made Canon, so 'tis said,
Because so very well he read:
"Ah, then," said Smith, demurely winking
He's cannoned off the red, I'm thinking."

The Chancellor had been less blamed
If some great preacher he had named:
"Ah, then," said Smith, not even blushing
"He'd then have cannoned off the cushion."

He was especially felicitous in punning quotations. The "How neat he spreads his wax," said to Dean Vaughan when he split his candle grease on the carpet, is as good as any for a sample.

But *causeries* must have an end. In taking leave for the moment of Miss Sichel's book, I should like to congratulate her on the accomplishment of a very difficult task, and not least on the words in which she sums up her story.

H. C. Beeching.

LEGISLATION AND "COMBINES" IN THE UNITED STATES.

We doubt if the general public, and even some financiers in the United States, fully recognize how deeply rooted is the distrust in this country not of the general honesty of the American people, but of the business methods of many of the great industrial undertakings, and, more especially, of the tactics of the great financial groups which so largely control the financial destiny of the United States. We do not pretend to say that financial morality in London is necessarily on a much higher plane than in New York, for in this country also we have our specula-

tive rings and company-promoting tactics, whereby the public's millions are ensnared just as surely—though, perhaps, on a smaller scale—as by any "frenzied finance" schemes in America. For the most part, however, our losses usually fall upon our own heads, whereas, on the other side of the Atlantic, they have a way of managing these things so that—whether it is a matter of canned beef or blocks of depreciated securities—the indigestion usually falls to the experience of peoples of other countries than their own.

We have been led to make the fore-

going remarks through perusing an account in the *New York Commercial Chronicle* of an address recently delivered before the Iowa Bankers' Association by Mr. Robert B. Armstrong, president of the Casualty Company of America, and at one time an Assistant-Secretary to the Treasury at Washington. The subject of his address was "Assaults on Corporate Management," and the *Chronicle* considers that it deserves wide attention, by reason of the fact that "these assaults on corporate affairs and aggregated wealth are very popular just now." The fear is, indeed, expressed by our contemporary that it may be carried to a point absolutely detrimental to the best financial interests of the country. Now, we quite admit that after a disclosure of scandals affecting a few particular groups of companies there may easily be a tendency to exaggerate the matter; to imagine that the general commercial and financial morality is much worse than it is; and, as a result, to be over-zealous for legislation, which the real facts of the situation do not merit. Against such hasty clamor for State interference we should be the first to raise a protest, and, of course, we frankly confess that at this distance it is less possible to form an intelligent opinion of the real merits of the position than it is by the man on the spot. At the same time, we think that we shall fairly express the feelings of the public and the financial community here if we say that we are impressed even less by the occasional revelations of financial scandals in America than by the fact that it seems well-nigh impossible to move the legislative powers in the States to take effective steps to prevent their recurrence. If, by an over-paternal system of control, the authorities at Washington had been constantly imposing restrictions upon financial and commercial enterprise, we could understand a strong note of pro-

test being raised, but at a moment when trusts and combines in the United States would seem to have attained dimensions undreamed of years ago, and following so soon after the disclosure of a state of things in the meat-packing industry which has shocked the civilized community, it seems rather strange to find that President Roosevelt's moderate protest against the growing power of these combines should be regarded as antagonistic to the best interests of the nation. Mr. Armstrong, in his address to the Iowa bankers, after speaking very glibly of the danger of supposing that because a few corporations are mismanaged all other corporations must also be mismanaged, went on to express the

fear that one of these days we will miss Prosperity. There will be many excuses for her absence from her usual place. One will say "bad crops," another will say "over-production," still another will say "abnormal extension of credits." But none of these will be the real reason, though they may be contributory. The real reason will be an epidemic of fear, of timidity, of distrust produced by unwarranted, continuous attacks upon every instrument of progress and development which has made and is making the country great.

We write, of course, without a full report of Mr. Armstrong's speech, but from the abbreviated account given in the *New York Commercial Chronicle*, there seems something rather humorous about this notion of "missing prosperity" by reason of any attempt to legislate wisely, not for the suppression, or even the fettering of the power, of corporate bodies, but simply for preventing them—by reason of their excessive strength—being rendered in any way harmful to the general community.

Nor, in our judgment, was the lecturer any happier when, in referring to the subject of railroad rate legislation, he attempted to draw a parallel be-

tween the railroad and banking interests. Referring to the proposals which have been made for regulating rates, he asked the Iowa bankers how they would receive a proposition to control the rates of interest for the various localities by a Government Commission. He said:—

What is the essential difference between the regulation of rates of interest and railroad freights? You say you are better able to judge of local conditions, of competition, of special considerations. Well, so does the railroad man. You say, it is not your money. The railway man can equally well say the same thing. You say he is a common carrier, and you are not. Technically that is true, but your responsibility to the business community is the same. Why, then, may it not be expected that those in favor of Government paternalism will next advocate the regulation of interest rates throughout the United States by a Federal Commission?

With all due respect to Mr. Armstrong, we think that the parallel selected, though apt enough, considering the audience he was addressing, was unfortunate. After all, while there has been of late a certain amount of consolidation, even in banking interests in the United States, it is one of the features of that country that the number of competing banks is extraordinarily great, so that the variation in money rates throughout the country is, on the whole, regulated by entirely natural conditions. It is quite true that in no other city are there such violent money "squeezes" as in New York, and, to some extent, this is due to the immense wealth owned by a few individuals, but other causes—such as the imperfect financial system and the daily settlement in stocks—also play an important part. Moreover, it is also due to banking in America to say that, hitherto, scandals in that direction have

been relatively few and unimportant; so that the desire for any special legislation has not arisen.

It is not, however, so much with the details of Mr. Armstrong's argument that we are concerned as with the general tenor of his remarks, whereby the protest aroused by recent disclosures is described as a wholesale attack upon capital, and bankers are urged "to set their faces against the wholesale preaching of anarchy and the nationwide encouragement of Socialism, envy, and malice." We are quite at one with Mr. Armstrong when he remarks that "financial depression often comes from timidity of capital and its failure to co-operate," but between that statement and his previous characterization of the feelings engendered by recent financial disclosures in the United States as being expressive of anarchy, Socialism, envy, and malice, there is, surely, a wide gulf. In the perfecting of relations between capital and labor is to be found the truest essential of the prosperity of a nation, and when either the one or the other becomes of too exacting a character something other than financial prosperity usually results. Unfortunately, however, these relations in the United States, thanks to the combined forces of trusts and protective tariffs, are immensely complicated by the power on the part of the capitalists to raise the cost of living, and if anything is more certain than another, it is that the social problems in the United States are being greatly aggravated by the ever-increasing tendency for wealth to become concentrated in the hands of a few individuals and corporate bodies. Such a position may not—and probably does not—call for the immediate application of drastic remedies, which might only react unfavorably upon the country as a whole; but it does demand the attention of true American patriots to see to it that the forces which have in

many respects added to the wealth of the nation are not allowed to be mismanaged, or carried to a point which shall prove disadvantageous to the community. In a sentence, the forces must not be allowed to get beyond control. Doubtless the exercise of such control is a matter in which the highest skill and the least possible interference with natural conditions are required, but what strikes us as rather

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noteworthy is that, after a prolonged period of prosperity in the States, accompanied by an enormous speculation in stocks, the slightest attempt to impose any curb upon the power of some of the great "combines" of the United States, even at the initial stages of inquiry, should be magnified into a wholesale attack upon financial interests in the States, by reason of which the country is to "miss prosperity."

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

One of the most fascinating problems in speculation as to the future of the race under the influence of science is suggested by a class of news paragraph which appears from time to time in the newspapers. The *Daily Mail* of last week published an account of the exhibition at a local field-club of a living and lively toad which had been found embedded some feet deep in solid clay and which had apparently existed for an indefinite time in this position. The usual attitude to items of news of this kind is one of reserve or scepticism. But there is no necessity for entire disbelief in the possibilities which are often suggested; for there are undoubted cases on record in which, in carefully conducted experiments, toads and other animals have survived long incarceration deprived of food and almost of air. The vital functions must have been practically suspended in the conditions which have been imposed.

The interesting question which such experiments tend to suggest is as to how far science may in the future be able to control the conditions of animal metabolism. The prevailing view at present is that the cycle of our lives resembles the wound-up mechanism of a clock. The cells in which our bodies originate are endowed with the possi-

bility of a certain number of proliferations, and we therefore with a certain limited stock of energy expressed in terms of longevity. When this is exhausted we grow old and die. But what if we could suspend at will the stages in this cycle, to resume them again later? What if science should enable us by submitting to certain rigorous conditions to spend our stock of vitality and our little term of sensation as we pleased, to put off consciousness at a crisis and to take it up again later without in the meantime having drawn on our original capital of three-score years and ten? Will the day come, that is to say, when the philosopher who wishes to verify his prophecies and to see the world fifty or a hundred years hence will be able to do so by taking out his life as it were in instalments?

There is justification for thinking that such a result is not outside the vision of science as a possibility. Even in present conditions it is roughly true that the more energetic and wearing the life we live the sooner is our stock of vitality exhausted. The longest lived occupations, as every insurance office knows, are those which conduce to ease of mind and a vegetative existence. Nature, where it has suited her

purpose, has found no insuperable obstacle in suspending the life of the individual at one stage, and after an indefinite period of quiescence taking it up again practically at the point at which it left off. The simplest example of all is in the case of seeds. The young plant is developed in the seed up to a certain point, and development is usually continuous when the seed begins to grow immediately. Yet some seeds in normal conditions remain dormant six or seven years, and seeds of certain plants of the pea family will retain their vitality for twenty or thirty years; although the tale of the germination of the mummy wheat is held to be without foundation. In cases of trance all the bodily functions are much slowed down, so much so that even death itself is sometimes simulated. There is no inherent impossibility in the acts recorded of Indian fakirs, who are said in some instances to be able to produce at will the appearance of death and to undergo burial, while of course making arrangements for subsequent disinterment, as in the case described in Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae*. The cases which are described of living toads being dug out from solid clay, and even from porous rock or from the wood of trees which have overgrown and entombed them, have always the same general features. The particulars are generally so astounding that disbelief is general. Yet it is easy enough for almost any one to test the fact that a remarkable suspension of the vital functions does take place in the case of the toad in certain conditions. The present writer, in experiments which he conducted, found that a toad survived for over a year firmly packed in the ground under a depth of two feet of solid London clay. So impervious did the clay appear when dug through a year after, that it seemed impossible to imagine a bird or a mouse surviving

in the situation for more than a few minutes. Yet the toad when released, after being for this interval deprived of food and apparently, though of course it is necessary to assume not really, deprived of air, was in good condition. After a short exposure to the air he became quite lively, his large eye showing particularly bright and clear. On being kept for a few days under a flower-pot he grew thin for want of food, but crawled actively away when he was released to find it. Buckland once experimented with a dozen toads which he placed in separate holes in a block of porous limestone, covering them up lightly with a glass plate and burying the whole a yard deep in the soil. After a year and two weeks most of them were still alive with their eyes open. He experimented with a second dozen, which were put into a block of dense sandstone. These were treated in the same way, but at the end of the period they were all found dead and decomposed. Some air was a necessity, although a surprisingly small allowance seems to be sufficient in conditions of suspended animation. Fish will survive when frozen solid in blocks of ice, and will resume activity when released. In the hibernation of the higher animals we have the same fact of life being continued while little or no food and very little air is consumed. Many of such cases are scarcely less remarkable as examples of suspended animation. In hibernation there are all the gradations from ordinary sleep to a torpor or trance outwardly resembling death. Nature here again seems, when it is required, to find no physiological difficulty in almost completely suspending the vital functions for prolonged intervals. Excretions disappear; even respiration is apparently suspended. The air of a closed jar containing a hibernating dormouse will remain unaltered for a long time. Severe tests tend to show how

complete the suspension of vital activity is and how entirely within the range of the physiologically possible are accounts of burial under the appearance of death and subsequent release and recovery. A hedgehog will in ordinary circumstances drown by being put for a few minutes under water; but Marshall Hall found that a hedgehog in a state of winter torpidity could bear prolonged immersion with impunity. Nothing could show more clearly than experiments of this kind how correct it is to say that life or animation is in a state of suspension. The total of its functions is therefore likely to be taken up again at the point reached when they ceased rather than at the point it would have attained had consciousness and activity continued in the interval. It is not simply, as is often supposed, that the animal instead of taking food lives on its stored-up food-products. There is what amounts to a practical cessation of all vital functions. Carbonic acid gas, for instance, is one of the most poisonous of mediums and almost immediately fatal to animal life. Yet a torpid marmot may be immured in it for hours and will survive without any evil effects.

The interesting question therefore remains as to how far science will provide us with the power of doing at will

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what thus appears to be within the bounds of possibility? There is every reason to foresee that it will be within the power of science thus to slow down almost to a standstill the vital processes. It will therefore inferentially be possible for the human creature of the future to take his life in instalments, separated by long intervals of unconsciousness. This opens the door to many interesting speculations. Are we also to foresee that the rich and powerful would in such circumstances strive to postpone indefinitely the still inevitable ending, and that society in the future will have not only its cemeteries but its rest-houses, regulated by science and maintained by the State, where those who desire it may retire to a period of oblivion, to take up the thread of existence at a future period? Or should we have to imagine society jealously reserving to a few honored individuals the right to undergo in this way the experiences of a multiplied life-span, and choosing with discrimination the politicians and philosophers, who would thus have to verify before posterity the truth of their own predictions? Judging by the past not a large proportion would prove to have been exponents of this kind of projected efficiency.

A MIRROR FOR JOURNALISTS.

It is a truism that the written word differs from the spoken word, but it is too often forgotten that the written word has many types, and that the standard rightly varies in each. We do not expect to find lyrical prose in a Report or a Blue-book, nor do we seek in a leading article, written to edify the man in the train, the polished, jewel-like form of an essay composed for the delight of the man of leisure.

We have full-dress and undress writing, and the merits of one kind are the vices of the other. Somewhere, "laid up in Heaven," like the Platonic ideas, is a standard of pure English prose, to which at rare intervals the masters seem to attain. But there is also a working model, consciously imperfect, a kind of compromise between colloquial speech and a more formal statement, which is, or should be, the stand-

ard for journalism, pamphleteering, and ordinary expository work written for a practical end. We wish to see this second standard kept at a high, but not an impossible, level. Gross faults should be reprobated, but minor blemishes overlooked. For the essence of such work is that it makes an appeal to a certain sort of mind, and its language must be intelligible to its audience. While refusing to pander to the vulgarity of the mob, it should be equally free from *le vulgaire des sages*. Good journalism ought to have many points of kinship with good talk, and some of the looseness and colloquialism of our common speech is not out of place. The anonymous authors of "The King's English" (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, 5s. net) have subjected the everyday writing of English to a rigorous analysis, and have found it wanting. The book is delightful reading, if only for its wit and urbanity of style. Its logic is unsparing, but there is no hint of the doctrinaire. The faults of popular prose are lucidly expounded and delicately ridiculed. None the less, it is a book to make all whose business it is to write rapidly—journalists, teachers, politicians—horribly self-conscious. And since self-consciousness means the cessation of their activity, it is worth while to consider whether the tests are not too hard.

With much of the criticism we are in full agreement. Many of the "awful warnings" are taken from our own pages, and with sorrow we confess our sins. For blunders in syntax, of which every one is guilty, there is no defence. He who through carelessness sins against the light can only plead the *force majeure* of overwork in his defence. The best writers may slip at times.—Stevenson, for example, has singular verbs with plural substantives, and Matthew Arnold has split infinitives. The distinction between good and bad writing is the frequency of

such errors. Every one, too, is capable of "howlers," for which the printer cannot always be blamed. But no educated writer will translate *scandalum magnatum* as "a shocking affair," and *Cui bono?* as "What's the good of it?" Certain technical mistakes in syntax seem to us to be almost defensible. It was wrong for Mr. Meredith to write: "I am she, she me, till death and beyond it," and yet there is a certain justification from common habit, and from the cacophony of the correct alternative. One danger of harping too much on grammatical errors in a particular form of speech is that writers become shy of the form altogether. "And which," for example, requires, to be correct, a previous relative; but so many people have been so often warned against the error of its use without a predecessor, that they refuse to conjoin relatives altogether and are driven to cumbrous circumlocution. So also with the split infinitive. This is generally so ugly that few dare consciously to use it. But there are cases where the true verb introduced by the particle "to" is not the verb alone, but a verbal phrase containing an adverb, which it may be right for the sake of emphasis to insert immediately after the particle. Grammar, after all, was made for man, and not man for grammar, and we should see to it that its rules are wide enough to satisfy the exigencies of life.

When we come to vocabulary and style we are on more debatable ground. A sentence in the preface comforts us greatly. "The frequent appearance," the authors write, "of any author's or newspaper's name does not mean that that author or newspaper offends more often than others against rules of grammar or style; it merely shows that they have been among the necessarily limited number chosen to collect instances from." Now this is not good writing. It is cumbrous, wordy, and

platitudinous, and the ending on "from" gives it an almost Gampish air. If doctors can err, the humble citizen may plead for a lenient sentence. Certain admirable rules are laid down for our guidance,—prefer the familiar word to the far fetched, the short word to the long, the concrete word to the abstract. But many will differ on the instances chosen. The writers condemn the use of "save" in the place of "except." To our mind, the first word is as familiar as the second, and there may be a very good reason for its use, for "except" is a hard, aggressive word which may well spoil the euphony of a sentence. Nor can we see why it should be wrong to use "wind-flowers" instead of "anemones." A sentence from our own columns, "We will here merely chronicle the procession of events," is taken as an instance of a malapropism,—*"procession"* for *"progress"*; but surely it is a quite legitimate metaphor. But though we may quarrel with an instance here and there, we have no fault to find with the general criticism of current blunders. *"Journalese"* is one class,—sonorous words used inaccurately or tastelessly, like *"in the contemplated eventuality"* for *"if so,"* *"transpire"* for *"happen,"* *"visualize"* for *"see."* On the subject of *"Neologisms"* the authors take up a liberal-conservative attitude. New words must come, but only when the new need has arisen. "A writer should not indulge in them unless he is quite sure that he is a good writer." *"Americanisms,"* when they mean the introduction of Transatlantic vulgarisms, are not to be encouraged, and it is no defence to say that they are found in Chaucer. They may be good old English, but they are not good English. Each must be taken on its merits, and only if it is beautiful or useful does it deserve to survive. The same thing is generally true of our native slang. Its proper place is in real life, and not

in the more formal sphere of writing, though when it contains a vivid metaphor it may be justified on the merits. One remark of the authors is well worth quoting:—"The effect of using quotation marks with slang is merely to convert a mental into a moral weakness." *"Solecisms,"* again, which mean the absence of the literary sense, are at all times to be condemned. Such is the use of *"individual"* or *"person,"* and of phrases like *"rather unique."* But the authors are at their best in their chapter on *"Airs and Graces,"* those sad and futile attempts of the literary man to relieve the tedium of the world. Polysyllabic humor, which saw something funny in speaking, as Poe sometimes did, of the nose as an *"olfactory organ,"* has, we hope, departed with the Victorian era. Once it was a disease, and even George Eliot could write: "You refrain from any lacteal addition and rasp your tongue with unmitigated bohea." One vice which still flourishes in our midst is that which the authors call *"elegant variation."* You begin by writing *"Mr. Chamberlain";* in the next sentence you call him *"the great Imperialist,"* in the next *"the Birmingham dictator,"*—until in the end neither you nor your readers know what you are at. *"Archaism"* is mainly the vice of the writer of historical novels, and it results in obscurity or in a plunge into modern slang. It was Mr. Crockett who once spoke of a *"house-party"* at a French castle in the fifteenth century, and his works make a happy hunting-ground for the lover of such lapses. Last come those flowers of speech which the authors can only call *"antics,"*—the inappropriate word, preciousness, irrelevant poetry, intrusive smartness, and the *"determined picturesque,"* as when Mr. E. F. Benson writes: "A carriage drive lay in long curves like a flicked whip lash, surmounting terrace after terrace set with nugatory nudities."

All these are conscious sins of commission, flagrant, aggressive sins for which no serious defence can be made.

The reading of "The King's English" is a wholesome but saddening experience. "If thou shouldst mark iniquities," we may ask of it in the Psalmist's words, "who shall stand?" Probably in every sentence we have written there lurks some error which will be added to future editions. Our one consolation is that we are in good company. Mr. Morley can write "continuation" for "continuance," "continuance" for "continuation," "irreparable" for "irreplacable," and he can translate *esprit d'escalier* as "the spirit of the staircase," which, as the authors justly remark, suggests a goblin lurking in the hall clock. George Elliot wrote "euphuistically" for "euphemistically," and Borrow talked of having "resource to vice" instead of "recourse." Mr. Mere-

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dith speaks of "a mutually sensitive nerve," which is impossible, and Emerson gaily writes *esprit du corps*. Even so careful a writer as Stevenson has "demean" when he meant "degrade," misled by a false philology, and Mr. Balfour, the purity of whose English is remarkable, revels in the use of "individual" for "person." The truth is that without a blunder now and then there can be no good writing. A man should endeavor to write English as a master, not as a schoolmaster, and it is only the schoolmaster who never slips. Again, every member in good standing of the great Guild Merchant of Literature should remember Dryden's magnificent boast: "I trade both with the living and the dead for the enrichment of our tongue." When the river ceases to be fed by new streams it inevitably stagnates.

A NOVELIST'S DAY.

[A writer in *The Globe* has recently pointed out that the man who curdles blood must first curdle his own. The life of any one who turns out three sensational novels a year must be a perfect misery to him. He can never feel safe.]

Monday.—A strenuous day. Finished Chapter Eleven of *The Blood that Dripped on the Doormat*. Rather big scene where hero is lured into cellar and bitten by trained gazeka (poisonous) belonging to villain. (Mem.: Is this too much like the cobra incident in *Le Queux's*, latest?) Writing this took it out of me very much. Went for stroll along the Strand. Sinister incident opposite Exeter Hall. Man (perfect stranger) endeavored to thrust paper into my hand. I leaped back, and, dodging under wheels of motor-bus, escaped to other side of street, where I

cocked my revolver and waited. Nothing further happened. My prompt action probably threw villains off scent. Escaped that danger, however, only to run into another. As I stood there, sinister foreigner accosted me. Dark man, probably Anarchist. Asked me to direct him to "Leicester Skvare." Kept my head, fortunately. Pointed towards Charing Cross, and, while his attention was distracted, dashed across street again. (Mem.: New hat. How much?) Ghastly incident now took place. Scarcely had I arrived on opposite pavement when man again attempted to force paper on me. Took to my heels, dodging from right to left to avoid bullets. This must have baffled him, for I heard no shots. Small boy said, "Chase me!" and called me *Bambaata*. Almost certainly some Anarchist code. To throw gang off scent

once more took cab. Drove to Essex Street by way of Sloane Square, Putney, and Mortlake. Gave man shilling. He said, "What the blank!" Recognized instantly that he was in the pay of these scoundrels, and sprang into four-wheeler. Told man to drive to Southampton Street *via* the "Angel" at Islington. Looked out of window. Sinister hansom close behind. Man with whiskers in it. (Mem.: Hon. Secretary of Anarchists?) Rapidly disguised myself with blue spectacles and a yellow toupee. Hansom drove past and disappeared. Clever, but a little obvious. Block in traffic opposite the Oval. Seized with sudden inspiration (Mem.: Genius?), opened door quietly. Was slipping out when cabman happened to look round. Unpleasantness. Gave him shilling. Man said, "What the blank!" Another of the gang! Was I never to shake off these bloodhounds? I asked myself what *Smartleigh Trackenham* (detective in *The Gore that Distilled from the Crack in the China Vase*) would have done. Took Tube. Lift-man sinister. Covered him with revolver from inside pocket. He must have noticed this, for he made no move. Got into train. Alone in carriage. On the alert for sudden attack from conductor (a sinister man). Emerged cautiously at Bank. Changed

Punch.

my disguise in secluded corner of subway. Took off spectacles and put on brown beard. Policeman at Mansion House crossing. I *think*, Anarchist. Hid behind pillar-box, and watched Anarchists, disguised as clerks, search for me. Man asked me time. Controlled my voice and told him. My disguise so perfect that he suspected nothing. At five o'clock changed my disguise again (false nose, colored at end, and black moustache), and sprang on to bus. Reached home, five-thirty, worn out. Went to bed after searching room and locking door. Nightmares.

From "Literary Notes" in the *Weekly Logroller*:—"An interesting departure from his wonted manner will be noted in *Mr. William Le Cudler's* forthcoming volume. Though from the pen of the author of *The Black Cap*, *The Scream in the Lonely Wood*, and numerous other sensational novels familiar to our readers, *Little Willy's Governess*, which *Messrs. Papp, Bottleby and Bibbins* promise for the early autumn, is a simple story of child-life, simply told. We have reason to believe that *Mr. Le Cudler*, who is at present undergoing a rest-cure in the Engadine, intends for the future to write nothing but this type of story."

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In despair of being able, in the brief space available in this department, to give any just idea of the charm of Edith Sichel's "The Life and Letters of Alfred Ainger," The Living Age reprints elsewhere in this number Canon Beeching's appreciation from The Speaker. But the reader will be wisest who depends neither upon Canon Beeching nor any other reviewer, but reads for himself this delightful memoir

of one of the most gentle, witty and kindly men of his time. Canon Ainger's mirth never carried a sting, and his letters, scattered through this volume, simply bubble over with spontaneous good-humor. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers.

In "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" Mrs. Margaret Deland has achieved at once the strongest and the most delicate

of her creations. The scene is in Old Chester; dear old Doctor Lavendar reappears, as do Willy King and Martha and others of the familiar group; but the central figures—the woman, and the little child through whose influence her nature is revealed and transformed—are both new-comers. David is one of the most charming child-characters anywhere to be found in fiction, utterly naïve and natural, without the slightest consciousness of having a part in the working out of a problem. Absorbingly interesting as a story, subtle and penetrating as a psychological study, high and resolute in its morality, the book takes a strong hold on the imagination and emotions. The characters are real people, not puppets: they stir the sympathies of the reader like real people: there is no obtrusion of a moral: but in their relations to each other they preach a sermon as searching, as austere, and yet as benign as any that ever fell from the lips of good Doctor Lavendar himself. Regarded from whatever point of view—for its readable qualities, for its literary art, or for its significance and suggestiveness as a social study—the book is by all odds the most powerful that the present season has given us. Harper & Bros.

Everyman's Library, as explained by the publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., is an attempt to form a collection of books in uniform dress on lines so elastic and comprehensive that practically every classic in the language shall be available in an attractive and permanent form at the lowest price consistent with a worthily made book. This is a large scheme but it has been entered upon in a way which gives promise of satisfactory fulfilment. Already, one hundred books in various departments of literature,—biography, fiction, poetry, travels, belles lettres, philosophy, sci-

ence, theology, etc.—have been produced; and it is the intention of the publishers to add one hundred volumes a year. Except that in the cloth bindings there is a different shade for each group,—crimson for fiction, brown for essays, gray for science, dark green for travel, pale green for the classics, etc.,—the volumes are uniform. The type is large and clear, the paper thin and opaque, the binding substantial and attractive. The format is in all particulars what might be expected from the English publishers, J. M. Dent & Co. who created the Temple Classics and the Temple Shakespeare. Each volume has a decorative title-page and a motto of its own. The whole series is edited by Professor Ernest Rhys; and the separate books are furnished with introductions and notes by such writers as Hilaire Belloc, Andrew Lang, G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Swinburne, Arthur Symonds, Augustine Birrell, George Saintsbury, Walter Jerrold, Sir Oliver Lodge, Lord Avebury, and others equally distinguished. The volumes are not too large to be carried in the pocket, if one will, but they are of a size to adorn a bookshelf. Whoever enters upon the gradual acquisition of these delightful books, selecting here and there as the humor seizes him from the different groups, will find upon his shelves a lengthening row of pleasing volumes, uniform but not monotonous, pleasing to the eye, easy to hold, and tempting in their contents. When it is remembered that the price of each volume is only fifty cents, it is hazarding little to affirm that the general title of the series will prove to be amply justified by the fact that "every man" who reads at all and indulges himself in the ownership of any books will possess himself of the whole or a part of this library.